

**the Circle**  
Winter 1982

# the Circle

Winter 1982, Vol. 9, Number 1

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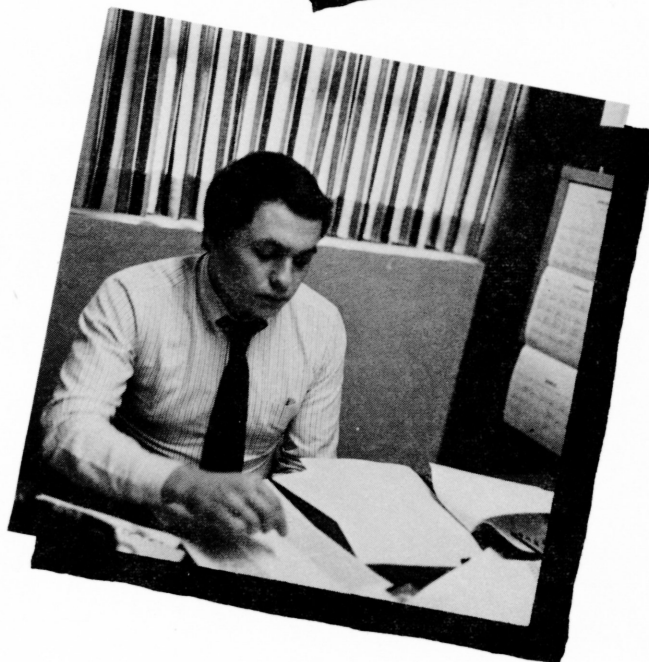
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Students who have submitted articles, poetry or short stories for this issue are invited to stop by *The Circle* office, room 353 in Foy Union, to pick up their submissions along with evaluation sheets. These evaluation sheets include criticism which should help students understand why their pieces were or were not published.



**Front cover etching by Dirk Hays**

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Poetry, photography, and artwork appear throughout issue.

## INNER CIRCLE

Dear Auburn,

(Drum Roll)

It is with extreme pleasure and with heartfelt exhaustion that the *Circle* staff and I offer you a brand new *Circle*. This *Circle* is designed to satisfy every Auburn student be he scientist or poet. With so large and varied a student population, this desire to please every student is always a challenge and often a nightmare. Not only must we offer you poetry, but we must offer you free verse and rhyming verse; themes of alienation and themes of Christianity; image poems and "this is what I feel" poems. You say you don't like poetry? Perhaps you'll like the articles the *Circle* includes: satirical pieces, essays, interviews and straight reporting pieces. If you don't have time to read, there are photographs and art works in the *Circle* that can provide a moment's interest and inspiration. And finally, if nothing else in the world matters to you except for short stories, the *Circle* offers some good examples of the efforts of Auburn's own short story writers.

Personally, I like to think of the *Circle* as a magnificent carnival—a carnival of rich new ideas, careful thoughts, and wild imaginings fighting to express themselves through the talents of Auburn's young artists. I hope that you, the reader, will participate joyfully in this carnival by reading the *Circle* and writing me letters at the *Circle* office (room 353, Foy Union) expressing your opinion of this issue of our magazine. Your comments are necessary for the continuing improvement of the *Circle*. Thank you for your support, and happy reading!

Sincerely,

Patrice Stott O'Gwynn  
Editor

### A Note On Style

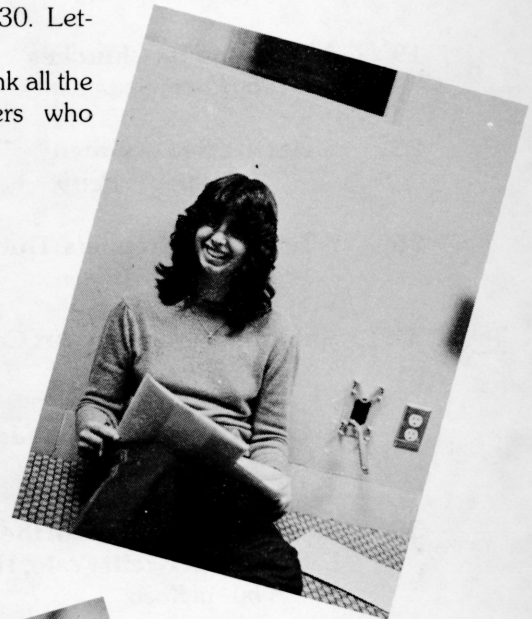
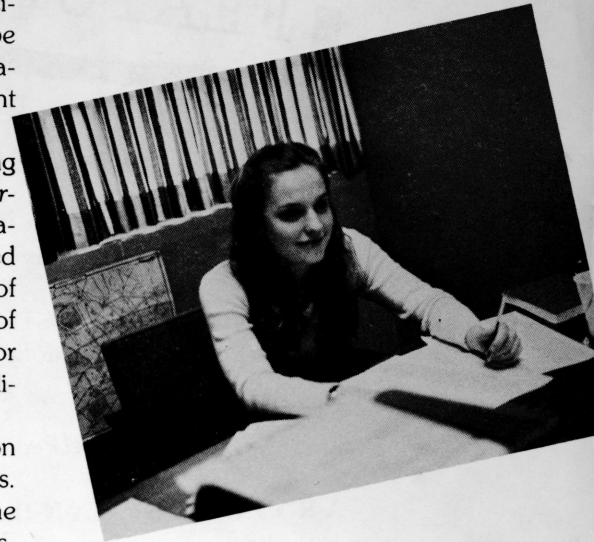
The *Circle*, Auburn's student interest magazine, serves as a forum for the writers and artists within the university community. It aims to appeal to a diverse Auburn audience by providing a variety of

articles (either directly or indirectly related to campus) ranging from the sciences to the arts. Each *Circle* strives to be a thoughtful and well-designed publication presenting and preserving current Auburn interests and creativity.

The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflects the *Circle*'s function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

The *Circle* is a community publication financed through Student Activity Fees. The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications) or those of the *Circle* Editorial Board and staff. Address all correspondence to: The Auburn Circle, 353 Union Building, Auburn University, Auburn, Alabama 36830. Letters to the editor are welcome.

The *Circle* staff wishes to thank all the students and faculty members who helped make this issue possible.





etching by Dirk Hays

# The Whale Watch

by Travis Simmons

It has long been suspected that the surface of our planet is not solid but that it is broken into seven, immense pieces, all floating on an endless sea of molten rock. Some of these gargantuan islands form whole continents, others are ocean floors, and they all fit together perfectly so that no where is the earth's dangerous inside widely exposed. However, these different parts of the world are in perpetual motion, and, were two of the seven ever to move directly against each other, the conflicting momenta would be of such colossal proportion as to generate a war zone all along the line of contact.

Any such region would be recurrently devastated by volcanoes, earthquakes and other catastrophes. In fact, in a place where such irresistible forces oppose each other, anything could happen. If there were a strong quake at sea, for instance, the tsunami might come, when the tide recedes far beyond its lowest mark to return in the shape of a sixty to ninety-foot tidal wave.

There is at least one such place.

The battlefield is drawn for the most part under the Pacific Ocean, curving southeast from Alaska until it parallels the California Coast. The North American and Pacific plates meet and strive for supremacy along this line of demarcation, and men call it the "San Andreas Fault." At an obscure beach, thirty-five miles north of San Francisco, where no tourists are attracted, the fault bends inland from under the sea. The only common spectators of this event are the gulls, which are everywhere, some stray sea lions, and, twice each year, schools of gray whales.

At the exact point where the fault appears on land, on the Pacific side of the fault, there is an island just offshore. Actually no more than a rock, it is small, does not support any vegetation and does not have a name. It stands out beyond the surf, half-covered with mussels and occasional starfish, dull and alone, a marker, a reminder, a designator. It looks unduly insignificant.

On the other side of the fault, there is the fragile beach. It is only a few hundred

yards long and bordered at either end by fractured cliffs of a reddish conglomerate and sandstone. The cliffs taper upward directly out of the surf and bend around behind the beach so that it is not easily accessible. A great menagerie of wreckage, driftwood and other debris has been collected here by the millenia and heaped carelessly about. There are pieces of shattered boats, some bearing inscriptions in Japanese or Hawaiian. There are broken skeletons of the animals which were fooled by wind or current. Each could tell a different story, but the stories are secrets, and the secret-keepers are the island and the beach — who have their own secrets also.

There were footprints on that beach once, in secluded places where the tide seldom reached. The boy who used to walk there discovered the beach when he was still young. He was clever, though, quick to learn the secrets of the cliffs, and could climb down to the beach through unknown passes. He studied the wrecks and the skeletons with intense curiosity. One day, there was a

stout club with a long, hooked nail protruding from the end. Someone had painted the word "MASUDA" on it in red letters. Another day, there were the bones of an eight-foot sea lion bleaching white in the sun. The spine was broken, as were several ribs.

The boy came to the beach more and more, to play with the black kelp-whips,

to sleep in the sun and to guess all the secrets he could. Soon, he learned to strike the beach by boat, and soon after that, he noticed an island battling waves two or three hundreds yards from the shore.

Eventually, the boy combed every inch of the beach. He learned of every fossil in every dark corner and could

guess why they were there. A gull was not blown into the cliffs, a rock did not fall out onto the beach, a new mystery did not wash up out of the surf without his finding out about it. The island was unexplored, unknown, but the beach became a book he had read and reread until it was committed to memory. He knew most of its secrets. He thought he knew them all.

On high places, when a twist of wind favored him, he could hear the surf on the island. It began to turn his head, and sometimes when he slept, it called out to him. "Secrets," it hissed, "secrets you do not know."

At this time, the hot, dry season was being replaced by the wet, stormy one. High tides were higher, rough surf was worse, and the boy could not sail again until the winter had passed.

It did not pass well. He lived in a small village three miles farther north, and the people there who knew him did not understand his fascination with the beach. From the cliffs, they saw it and called it dirty. Even his mother and father laughed and forbade him to return to the beach until the weather was more certain.

The boy began to sit off by himself and was frequently caught daydreaming. At first, he tried to explain the daydreams and feelings he had, but then, under a barrage of ridicule, he retreated within himself. A few times that winter he stole away to the beach in secret, but the rain depressed him, and the cold wind made him sick.

There is no detectable fall or spring in that part of the world. Summer and winter follow hard upon one another. Each May, summer is heralded by the passage of gray whales, and that year, the boy was the first to see it. He had returned to the beach in April, eager to discover what the storms had left for him and was not disappointed. There was an entire, new inventory, more tricks to learn and secrets to guess. His eye, though, was ever on the island. That it had survived the winter seemed miraculous to him, as if a dream had survived his waking.



*lithograph by Barry Walker*

For the first month, he studied the island from a blow-out high in the cliffs where the sandstone had been eaten away by wind to form a convenient cave. The island was shaped like a warship, long and gray with sheer walls that extended vertically out of the water then tapered inward to form a ridge on top. Sometimes he imagined that it really was a warship and that if he could ever reach it, he would shoot fiery rockets all the way into the village. Getting to the island would be a tricky thing at best, and he would have to learn all the tricks — the fluky wind, the tides and riptides, the lateral currents. He would master all of these, and then he would go.

He watched the gulls tumble over the cliffs and glide without effort above the shoals and tide pools. There were squadrons of brown pelicans flying so low in their tight formations that their fat bellies almost skimmed the water. By noon, waves of radiant heat hovered over rock, water and sand, making the area glimmer in surreal, fluctuating light. The boy guessed where he might catch a favorable breeze and where his small sailboat might be overturned or scuttled. Foam in the surf showed him a place where two opposing currents met and squeezed the water between them straight out to sea like a river. A riptide like that could take hold of his vessel and carry him 200 yards in less than a minute. After weeks of careful scrutiny and furious longing, he took his boat along the path of birds and sailed out to the island.

He went with the tide at dawn, and, in less than an hour had negotiated his entire trip. It took even less time, once there, to perceive the impasse that lay before him. He circled the island just once, gazing with quiet resignation at the choppy water and unbroken walls which would not let him land. It was a terrific disappointment, yet somehow predictable that a thing he wanted so badly would be held still beyond his grasp.

The ebbing tide had uncovered a blanket of mussels on which he could see orange and purple starfish too busy gorging themselves to notice the receding waterline. Small wet-black and green crabs scooted in and out of dark fissures. The island itself was not larger than a two-story house and of a different sub-

stance than the red cliffs behind the beach. To anyone else it was just a big rock, but the boy stared intently at the walls and tried obsessively to guess what secrets they concealed.

He stayed near the island all that morning, rowing back to it whenever he drifted away, but, later the sun forced him to discontinue the pointless watch. Only then did he tear his thoughts from the island to notice what was happening in the water around.

The whales had come and were passing north on both sides. One blew not more than ten yards away, and the stench of it was inescapable. He had never been so close. The very water was animated with their presence. How had he not seen them? They were dull flashes of wet skin, blasts of stinking water vapor that sounded like the surf and stank of dead fish. Their motion was ponderous, nothing could impede them, and the boy was mortally afraid. An enormous, barnacle-encrusted head breached the surface. Water and dirt streamed from its gaping mouth, and its body continued steadily upward as if it were a rooted, growing thing, well-braced all around. It hung, suspended by its own will, and recalled to the boy's mind such antiquated words as "majesty" and "regal." Then, sure of its own greatness and pre-eminence, the disinterested animal tumbled backward into the sea with an appropriate splash.

Something about the way the whales ignored him put the boy at ease. Fear was overrun by respect and awe. Here was a being of inestimable dimension and strength, wholly unconcerned with the perplexities of the world. Here was a beast of the depths yet of a higher plane, feeding, mating, doing things the way they were meant to be done. On this planet, the curse of ambiguity belongs uniquely to man. Here was proof.

A vague mass glided under the waves near the boy's boat, a forty-five-foot mystery, easily as wide as the boat was long. Where have you been, the boy thought, what secrets do you know? For surely, here was a thing that knew them all, and he envied it.

By the time that summer ended, the

boy thought he knew more about the beach and the surf than if he had made them himself. The shoals no longer worried him when he sailed, and he often made use of the treacherous riptides as a means to get out to sea quickly. He even imagined that he could teach the birds things about the wind. The only mystery left to him was the island, because he could not yet strike it.

The following summer was the same — and the one after that. He often stayed at the beach overnight, sometimes he stayed for days. At night, he dug pits for his fire and cooked crabs and shellfish he found during the day. He never tired of the beach and was always pleased with his discoveries: soft, grasping anemones, tough, clutching starfish and the sea lions with whom he sometimes consented to share his place in the sun. He had many experiences there. As everyone needs a place to be alone, the beach was his. Many of his thoughts were born in the hot wind, many plans made. He did not often bring outsiders but had fashioned a shelter in one secluded grotto above the tidemark and once tasted sex there. In that same year, he had feared for his life when a tremor shook the cliffs, breaking off bits and pieces which tumbled into thrashing waves.

His skin bronzed deeply, and his hair gradually bleached. He became lean from hours of sailing and rowing. His fingers and hands grew powerful from his scaling the cliffs, but there were other changes.

Winter, for him, passed like a bad meal. It left him bitter and contemptuous. People did not understand him and did not care to. He, in turn, came to prefer his solitude. He was glad to be an outcast and waited through the malignant, wet months with a black heart.

Each summer, the clouds over his head, real and imagined, dispersed, and he rushed out to greet the whales. He learned how to be near them and yet out of danger. He knew not to position himself on the landside of a cow, because that was where her calf would be. He sometimes touched their sensitive skin and felt it quiver as it does on a horse. Still, the island beckoned.

When he finally did strike it, it was while the whales were there. He had an



especially long mooring line on his boat and tied one end around his waist. He paddled in close, then dove for a handhold and managed to scale the steep walls before the boat drifted too far. The water was too rough to swim with protective but cumbersome gloves and shoes, so his hands and feet bled freely before the climbing was over.

But the island was his.

He had discovered it. He was the only one he knew who could strike it; it was his. The beach was also his. In fact, the

whole summer was his. They could have the village, they could have the rain, and they could have each other. They could have the rest of the year and all the rest of the world. He would have the island, his island, his beach, his summer, and he would keep all of their secrets.

It was fashionable at that time, particularly in that part of the world, to be concerned about the welfare of cetaceans, that is to say dolphins, porpoises and whales. It was thought that they were relatively intelligent creatures, and it was

known that they were being hunted to the point of extinction, so they became popular.

The boy was aware of this, but he had become arrogant about his familiarity with the whales. What could anyone else possibly know of their secrets? Where were they when his insignificant boat was being rocked and tossed about in the midst of them, when he felt the hoary growths on their backs with his own hands?

Once, near the end of summer, the boy was stopped in the village by a man he had not seen before. He was a short man but broad shouldered, and his balding head rested on a neck so wide that there was no clear boundary between the two. His sparse, close-cut hair was all gray, and that, along with the pervasive wrinkles on the man's face explained why he seemed to carry himself with both confidence and insecurity: he knew that he was about to become old. The boy knew he was a stranger, but he looked curiously familiar. The man stopped the boy in the street before a small produce store.

"Here, boy! Come here — I want to talk to you."

The boy allowed the man to approach him in the middle of the street but did not speak.

"Here now, my name's Harry Bradfield." As the man talked, he displayed a habit of removing his thick glasses to rub his watery, red eyes with the back of his wrist. The boy still did not speak but wondered who it was that the man looked like.

"They tell me in there," he gestered toward the shop, "that you could take me out to see the whales."

The boy maintained a stony silence, so the man said, "I will pay you well for this service," this time speaking in an arrogant sort of now-I-have-you tone.

The boy turned away and said disdainfully, "You are late. The whales have gone."

But the man rushed around in front of the boy, his glasses in his hand, rubbing his eyes furiously and explained that he wished to see the whales in late September when they were southbound

from the freezing, northern seas and headed for Mexican water. The stormy season was not usually very well set-in by September, and the boy accepted but mostly out of his own arrogance.

What did he care about wind and rough water? Didn't he know every sandy channel? Was there a shoal between his island and his beach that was still concealed from him? Could anything happen in his own world that was beyond his foreseeing? He thought he knew all of the secrets. He knew most of them.

The man had said that the whales were known to pass close to shore here, as if checking a landmark, that he was an amateur biologist, and that this would be an ideal place for him to observe and photograph. He called it a "Whale Watch." The boy decided to ferry the little man and his cameras out to the island whenever the grays were sighted. He could take all of the pictures he wanted. The boy would use his boat, and they would leave from his beach.

The whales were late. They were not sighted until October, and the weather had become very tricky by then. The boy acted unconcerned, and the man trusted his experience. Under an uncertain sky, they went out with the tide, and the whales were already there. Once among them, the man became uneasy, looking all about as if noticing for the first time that they were surrounded. One submerged gray crossed their bow, nudging it a little. The man trembled and said, "They could tip us over, couldn't they?"

Gratified by the older man's anxiety, the boy peered into the water and grinned. "Yeah," he said, "sure they could tip us over. No sweat." With his hand on the rudder, he expertly directed them here and there among the leviathans, closer and closer to the island. The man looked agitated. He sat well forward, twisting his head back and forth as if not to be surprised.

The boy called to him, "Hey — you never seen a whale before?"

The man gulped and shook his head, "Kid, I've never seen anything like this."

It was odd to see them heading south, because the boy did not ordinarily sail then. He eyed the grays curiously. Something else was wrong. The area

was becoming crowded with them, more so than ever before. Instead of continuing on their route, they were collecting around the island, most of them on the landside. They were also breaching too often and plying back and forth like a corral of jittery horses. The boy felt a chill and thought — they've never done this before. They're doing something different.

When they gained the island, it was raining but warm enough, and the tide was dropping rapidly. The boy had secured a ladder to the rocks, and he tied the boat off to its bottom rung, which showed two feet above water. Then he carried his passenger's equipment to a place where it could be setup. When he returned to the boat, the man had hold of the ladder, and, with some assistance, managed to climb it. Within an hour, a tarpaulin was rigged over the man's tripod and camera, and he was busily clicking away.

Meanwhile, the tide had reached the lowest point the boy had ever seen and was still receding. He crept down near to the surface and sat looking across the living masses. Directing his voice to the whales, he said, "Now, you'll leave or you'll be stuck here forever." There was no response. They would be floundering soon, and there was nothing to be done except wonder what was wrong. An old gray beached, exposing his sores and barnacles to the rain and unlightened sky. What is it, the dejected boy thought. You know all the secrets, how can you be so uncertain? Still, the water fell.

Arrogance began to reassert itself in the boy's mind. Damn the rain. Damn the tide. This couldn't be happening here, not here. This was his place. He had mastery here. If there was a secret here, he would know it. He spoke to his whales a second time, "You know what it is. You all know, don't you?!" He slapped the stone he sat on and looked around. The man was only interested in the shutter of his camera. Shaking his head, the boy walked under the tarp and lay down.

Sleep crept over him unexpectedly, and, in a dream which was at first pleasant, he found himself living with his whales below the troubled surface in their calm, cool blue. He drifted along the bottom with them, rolled onto his

back once and tried to rub out some irritating barnacles against the bottom. Righting himself, he idly scooped a hundred pounds of sand into his toothless mouth then rose vertically, aware of a dozen benevolent presences on all sides. When he reached the surface, he breathed, and gravity pulled water and sand through his baleen sieves leaving only food. The blue held him up high. It was his only support, his only defense, his friend. He looked back at the island and saw himself and the man. With dreamy distortion, the man's glasses captivated him. The lenses grew and shined until the man's eyes were eclipsed, and the glass began to reflect a scene of the boy's village. Everyone the boy knew was there, except the boy himself. Then, he began to fall backwards, toward the water, but, instead of feeling the cool blue wash over him, he slammed to the bottom suddenly, in only inches of water. He blew hard and thrashed his powerful flukes. This was terror. He felt himself being crushed by his own weight. The earth shuddered once, then again. One eye was above the water, and he looked back to the island, the hard rock he knew so well. He was no longer on it, neither was the man, but all the people from the village had somehow finally reached his island, and they were all crowded on top of it watching him. Then the island began to shake, like a broken toy in the teeth of an angry dog.

The surf was pounding him now, as the blue continued to retreat. It was the last thing he saw, as a dying whale: excellent blue, cool, crashing, white-crested blue.

No one had felt the quake the night before. It was centered far offshore, and the wave it sent was a giant surprise that did not touch the village but killed and tore away much of the beach leaving only the carcass of one drowned whale and a few well-kept secrets here and there.



### **Rooster jazz**

early morning  
the third day of coolness  
a rooster crows and crows  
the domineering tune  
screeching across the pane of air  
Coltrane blowing a couple beyond the normal  
on sax

the rooster's hens follow out of the brush  
and through the tall grass  
their heads amazed at any other sound but his  
he's the old preacher with the same old congregation  
in the little white church down in  
the black dying mosquito woods

**dean wiseman golden**

*photograph by Mary Lou Donaghey*

# The Painted Squirrels of Samford Park

*by Dr. Charlotte Ward*

"Did it get electrocuted?"

"It looks like it stuck its nose in an exhaust pipe."

"What caused that weird mutation?"

Those are just a few mild examples of the wild hypotheses offered by Auburn students to explain the strange markings on the squirrels that prowl the lawns in front of the library and Samford Hall. Some of the beasts have bare stretches on otherwise bushy tails. Others sport mysterious black patches on their fur.

The missing hair and the dye spots are field identification marks placed there by Dr. Robert S. Lishak of the Department of Zoology and Entomology or one of his graduate students to aid them in studying the wild populations of squirrels on campus. Squirrels are live-trapped, marked by snipping off tail hair and applying a black furrier's dye in preset patterns, and released to go about their furry business under the zoologists' watchful eyes. The tail trim enables the observer to tell the squirrel's sex at a distance: males have the hair trimmed from the end of the tail, females from the middle. The pattern of dye identifies an individual; no two have identical marks, which last several months or until the next molt. Gray squirrels molt in the spring and again in the fall.

Dr. Lishak, who came here about four years ago fresh from his doctoral research on the thirteen-striped ground squirrels of central Ohio, directs a number of small mammal projects at Auburn. Currently gray squirrel populations are being studied by Daureen Nesdill and Bill Vinson; Mark Blackmore studies chipmunks. The zoologists are interested in the range, feeding patterns, dispersal of young, and even the "verbal" signals and "vocabulary" of the animals.

Why do zoologists study gray squirrels and chipmunks? Dr. Lishak and his students are interested ultimately in the management and control of animal populations that interact with human populations. Looking at animal behavior is the starting place so the scientists can learn how animals adapt to changing

situations. The study of dispersal of young may, for example, someday enable you to predict how much of your pecan crop you can expect to share with your furry neighbors.

The acoustic study is Dr. Lishak's own project. He can be seen frequently in the early morning or at dusk with a large

parabolic reflector and microphone, recording the chirps and chatter of his subjects. Of course, the last thing he needs at such a time is someone hollering, "Whatcha doin' there?" He was recording the voices of the Samford Park squirrels one afternoon when two coeds came across from Baskin-Robbins and



called, "Hey, Radar-Man!" Dr. Lishak turned his antenna toward the girls and started toward them making a buzzing noise. They turned and ran for their lives — maybe he really was from another planet!

The acoustic study has already yielded some interesting results. Dr. Lishak has identified several distinct calls and signals, and because the dye markings enable him to record the same individual over several months he can answer questions such as, "Does a squirrel's vocabulary change as it matures? To what feature of a call does a squirrel respond—pitch, rhythm, intensity, or tempo?"

The juvenile distress call, a shrill, quickly repeated note, will be answered by every female in the neighborhood that is either pregnant or lactating (nursing young). What were the elements by which this call is recognized? To find out, Dr. Lishak made tapes imitating the call but exaggerating its intensity. When he played the tape, the females, normally shy, came trooping up to him instead of merely peeping from their nests or branches. Any baby crying that loud must be in real trouble, they seemed to think. Since one of the objects of small mammal research is census-taking, Dr. Lishak points out that this "super-normal response" would be a great way of lining up the pregnant and lactating females to be counted, and allowing an estimate of the next generation, since each mother normally produces three babies per litter.

Dr. Lishak is pretty good at talking to squirrels without a tape recorder. Once on a visit to New York City, he spied two squirrels on a tree near the wall around Central Park. He imitated the juvenile distress call, and one of the squirrels began following him along the wall. A few feet farther along, a man was sitting on a bench against the wall. The squirrel almost ran into his hair before man and squirrel noticed each other. While the startled bench-sitter watched, the squirrel

made a hasty detour around him to get back on the trail of the six-foot bespectacled baby squirrel in distress.

A gray squirrel's foraging territory (called its home range) may cover as much as four square miles. Chipmunks, being smaller, do not go quite so far. Mark Blackmore is trying to determine what factors are important to a foraging chipmunk, and his observations are upsetting some long-held assumptions. Ecologists have supposed that a small mammal will conserve energy by eating the first food it finds. Not so, it seems, if by going just a little farther it can get a better meal. Mark has shown this by placing assorted foods in arcs at different distances from a chipmunk's home burrow: sunflower seeds one meter away, a mixture of sunflower seeds and acorns at two meters, and all acorns at three meters. Once the chipmunks discover the acorns they will travel the longer distance to get them, bypassing the less desirable but nearby seeds.

Another topic under investigation with both squirrels and chipmunks is the dispersal of the young. As soon as the youngsters are old enough to be weaned, the mother leads them, one by one to a relatively distant territory. The message is clear: "You've been kicked out of the nest, kid. You're on your own now." A chipmunk mother will lead her young (who follows, trying to nurse) a hundred meters or more from her own burrow to a burrow she has found or prepared, and will leave the youngster there. He usually gets the point, and quickly becomes self-sufficient. But not always.


In the University Arboretum there is a young male chipmunk known to Mark and his colleagues as "The Kid Makes Good." The young fellow simply refused to leave home. His mother was observed making several attempts to get him relocated. This was in April and early May, when he was six or seven weeks old. At last report he was still hanging around the old neighborhood, within 20 or 30 meters of his mother's burrow, which by now probably houses another litter. He is also lousing up the statistics on distribution of chipmunks with respect to food supply.

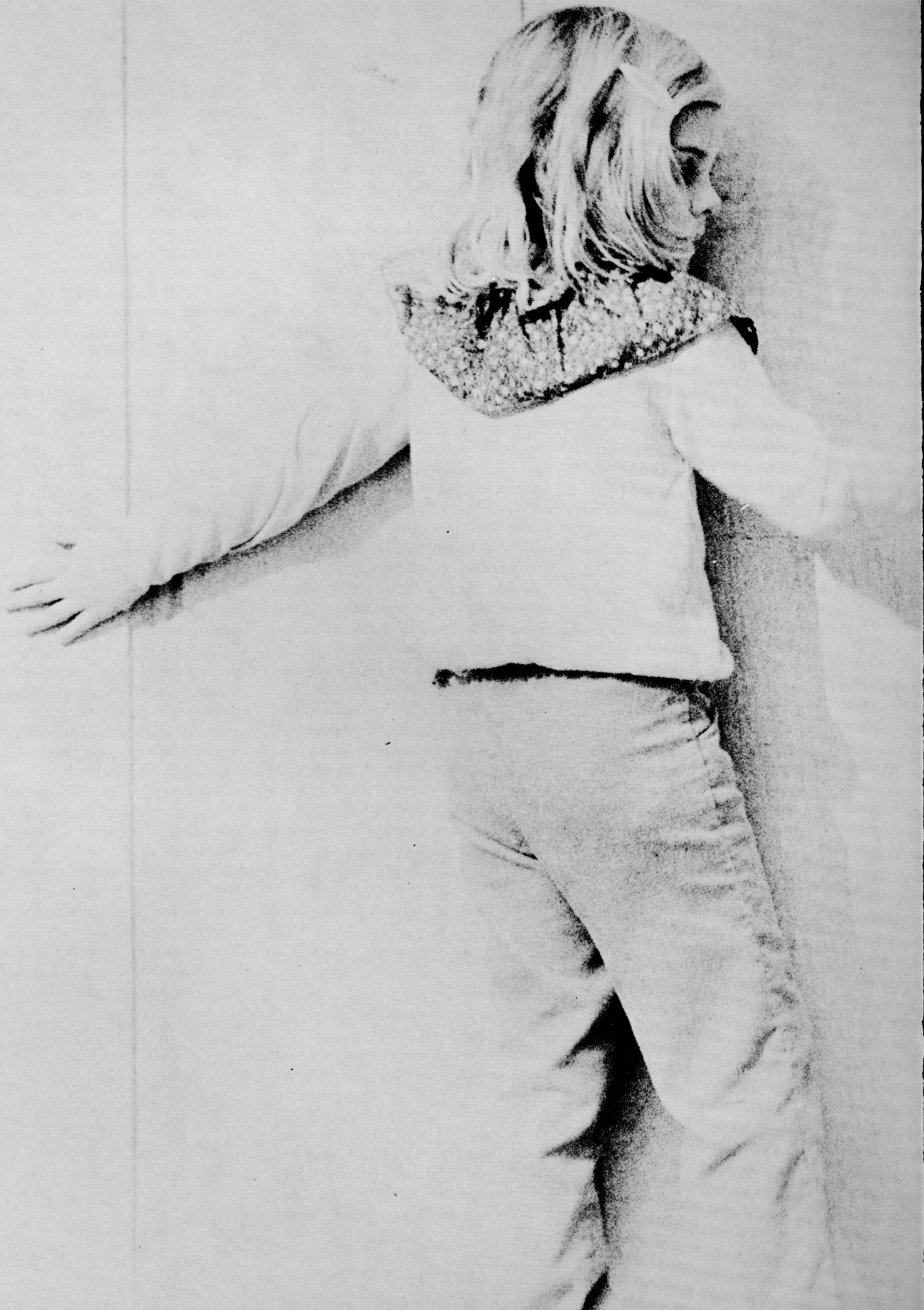
While the main chipmunk habitat

under observation is the Arboretum, the gray squirrel studies have until recently been conducted in Samford Park and on the wooded lawn extending south of the Library. A good many students walk across these lawns and toss footballs and frisbees there, so a good many people have observed the zoologists at work, stopped to ask questions, and learned about the squirrel studies. While they were perfectly well aware that the trapping and marking were entirely harmless to the squirrels, some members of the fraternities living across College Street initiated a whimsical Save Our Squirrels campaign last spring, complete with SOS armbands, orange ribbons on trees, and announcements on WEGL. It was all good fun, with Dr. Lishak even suggesting he use Greek letters to mark the animals and offer a prize to the fraternity that best kept track of "their" squirrels.

Then, mysteriously, in the early summer, eight or ten marked squirrels were found dead. Now the last thing a zoologist studying a wild population wants is for harm to come to his subjects. Dr. Lishak had necropsies performed by Vet School scientists on several of the bodies, searching for gun pellets, traces of chemical sprays used on campus, anything that might have caused the deaths. Nothing was found that accounted for the fatalities.

But some students who found dead squirrels jumped to the wrong conclusion. They were sure the trapping and marking were to blame. The graduate students, checking their traps, found them smashed and dead squirrels draped over them. The situation was no longer funny.

At present, the squirrel studies go on, but not near the library. Dr. Lishak didn't say where, and I didn't ask. 



### THE BLESSINGS IN MUSICAL THINGS

Dear Lord, I want to thank You for the blessings in musical things:  
Melodious whispers that ride in the wind,  
A music box tune played again and again,  
The joy in a child when he sings,

For the marches composed when the rain hits the ground,  
The silent ballet as snowflakes blow 'round,  
A fall promenade while autumn leaves reel,  
A one-pitch concerto from an old spinning wheel,

Fantasies flowers recite just for fun,  
Ballads the bumble bees hum when work's done,  
Summer antiphonals raised from June fields,  
Anthems and hymns the harvest time yields,

Willow trees waltzing in step with the pines,  
Falsetto complaints from a teapot that whines,  
Victrolas still chanting in the penny arcades,  
While carousel horses circle sweet serenades,

The chorus from steeple bells in wild ecstasy rung,  
Preludes and postludes the bob-white has sung,  
The rounds of laughter from young ones at play,  
The carols of crickets at the close of the day,

The nocturnes and lullabies the stars safely keep,  
To send down from heaven when the world falls asleep,  
And the glorious overture from the sun as it's rising,  
While the sky shares the theme with clouds improvising,

The blessings of music that each day can hold,  
Lord, help me to find them that I may behold,  
The beauty in living, the joy in it, too,  
When the songs of the world are surrendered to You.

**Laura Andrews**

Imagine it. A computer that can translate an entire student's life within one millionth of a second. This computer exists—but not at Auburn University. Which is not to say the University does not have computers, because it does. Two main computers, one for administrative purposes and one for academic use, are housed on the first floor of Parker Hall.

But the computers at Auburn are behind the times, said Lee Franklin, director of computer services, adding he doesn't know when the situation might be improved. "Equipment is overloaded," he commented. "It is just not large enough and fast enough to keep up with Auburn University."

Franklin, who came to Auburn in 1966 as manager of computer operations, outlined several major problems with the current computer system. The first and most important problem deals with computer software, which is the program that allows the computer to perform certain types of operation. "We need a new system," Franklin said, "The current system does not efficiently or completely use the current computer."

The second problem deals with computer hardware. Hardware includes the physical components that make up a system such as disk drives and card readers. Franklin said Auburn has a problem with lack of floor space that could be solved by installing a newer, more efficient computer. "They're coming out with new computers every day. The technology is now to the point where computers are getting a lot smaller, a lot easier to cool and essentially a lot easier to operate," he explained.

In order to help Auburn catch up with the rest of the computer age, Franklin has proposed a three-part plan to administrators. His plan entails selling the current administrative computer (IBM158), which cost the University \$1.7 million when it was purchased about five years ago and is now worth about \$45,000. The IBM158 has a storage capacity of four megas (about four million bits) of information.

Next, he proposes to move the academic computer (IBM3031), which

# The Computer Age: Auburn Struggles to Keep Up With Technology

by Karen Hartley



has a capacity of 6 megs (about six million bits) of information, over to the administrative side. The IBM3031 was purchased about two years ago for \$2.5 million and is now worth about \$350,000.

The third part of the plan involves purchasing a new computer (IBM4341-2) to install as the academic computer. This computer costs about \$480,000 and holds 12 megs (about 12 million bits) of information, twice the capacity of the current academic computer. The IBM4341-2 has the capacity to transfer an entire student's life, including his records and grade reports in about 250 nanoseconds (1 nanosecond equals one millionth of a second).

"We've made our recommendation, but we don't have any idea what's going to happen," Franklin said. Some students have suggested obtaining access to the administrative computer during its off hours to help alleviate the problem of overcrowdedness with the academic computer, but Franklin said the idea is not a feasible one. "It's not that easy," he explained, adding, "There's too much security involved in the administrative computer."

The other problem computer services faces is that of personnel. "We are installing and maintaining software with six people when most organizations have 30," said Franklin commenting that, "The University has done well," but adding that "we need to do something to provide the computers that faculty, staff and students deserve, and we need to do it as quickly as we can."

Meanwhile, other professors, department heads and administrators are trying to give students what they deserve by forming computer focused programs to meet the increased demand for computer operators in fields of engineering and business.

The School of Engineering has made definite progress as it enters its second year of offering a degree in Computer Engineering. Having graduated five students in the curriculum, four in the past summer, the program has an enrollment of about 300 as it enters its second year of existence, said Dr. Marvin C. Schiffman, assistant professor of Indus-

trial and Electronic Engineering.

Schiffman explained that this computer degree grew out of the demand from industry and society. "All forms of industry require computer science engineering. It opens the doors to more positions when you look at the world of business which also requires computer people," he said.

But it seems the School of Engineering has taken two steps forward and one step back as another 200 freshmen are expected to declare a computer major, which would bring the enrollment up to 500 students, a number that might be difficult to handle. "It's a hot program," Schiffman explained, "Everybody wants to get into it." But with the onset of proration and level funding, staffing problems prevent the curriculum from growing larger. "The faculty expected [the growth], but it still shocked them," Schiffman said. The program was originally proposed by the Industrial Engineering department more than eight years ago, related Schiffman who is the program coordinator for computer science and engineering (CSE). But it wasn't until some administrators lent a helping hand that the dream finally became a reality. One of the administrators instrumental in establishing a program was Dr. Taylor Littleton, vice president of academic affairs for Auburn.

"We should have done this long ago," Littleton said, "We've had this latent ability to offer the curriculum for many years; we just never brought a computer program to fruition." In response to the popularity of the computer degree, he commented, "The number of students has far exceeded our expectations," adding that, "We have had a problem with staffing."

But Littleton explained that they are trying to get the problem moving forward. The expansion of computer courses and the possibility of a graduate program are among the University's top priorities. But as with many aspects of Auburn, "budgetary limitations" prevent the insurance of such, Littleton said.

The year-old computer curriculum enables a student to earn a bachelor's degree in Computer Science or one in Computer Engineering. "It's a full four-year program," Schiffman said, adding that it includes about three quarters

more of mathematics than the Industrial Engineering curriculum.

John Henry, head of the management department in the School of Business, is also being confronted with more students than he can handle. His department has declined from 32 to 28 professors in the last three years, forcing him to turn away "about 300" students each quarter who wish to take the basic computer course (MN207).

Nevertheless, the management department, which currently has three computer courses, is working on building a curriculum in Management Information Systems "fairly soon," Henry said. "We need to do it; if we don't we're going to be 10 years behind everyone else in the country," he commented, adding that "We're already 10 years behind everybody else."

The business school uses its computers mostly for storing and retrieving information, whereas the engineering curriculum uses them more for solving problems and mathematical equations. As to the need for computer specialists, "Business information systems is probably one of the more active areas where more and more people are needed," Henry said, explaining that the demand for computer operators far exceeds the supply.

Schiffman was inclined to agree. "I don't think you can measure it [computer technology]; it's advanced that much. Companies are projecting the need for computer people and their demands are growing so fast that they can't forecast what they'll need."

Computer operators are not only necessary in the fields of engineering and business, but more and more an understanding of computer fundamentals is needed to get by in many fields. One such field is Architecture.

Steve Stabler, an instructor of Building Science, said "I personally feel like in this day and age, anyone in this field is definitely going to be at a disadvantage if they don't have a familiarity with computers." Stabler teaches several Building Science courses and says he requires of his students "some use of the computer" in every class.

The department used to teach its own computer course until it was eliminated last winter quarter, Stabler said, because the department is "so shorthanded on faculty." He commented, "In this curriculum we're at a point with the student faculty ratio, we're not able to push (computers) as much as we would like to."

The building science majors use the computers mostly for structural problems found in buildings, explained Stabler, saying that if the students don't

get that far, they must "take a programming language of some kind." The reason for this, he said, is because, "The construction industry is first a business and only second a technical career."

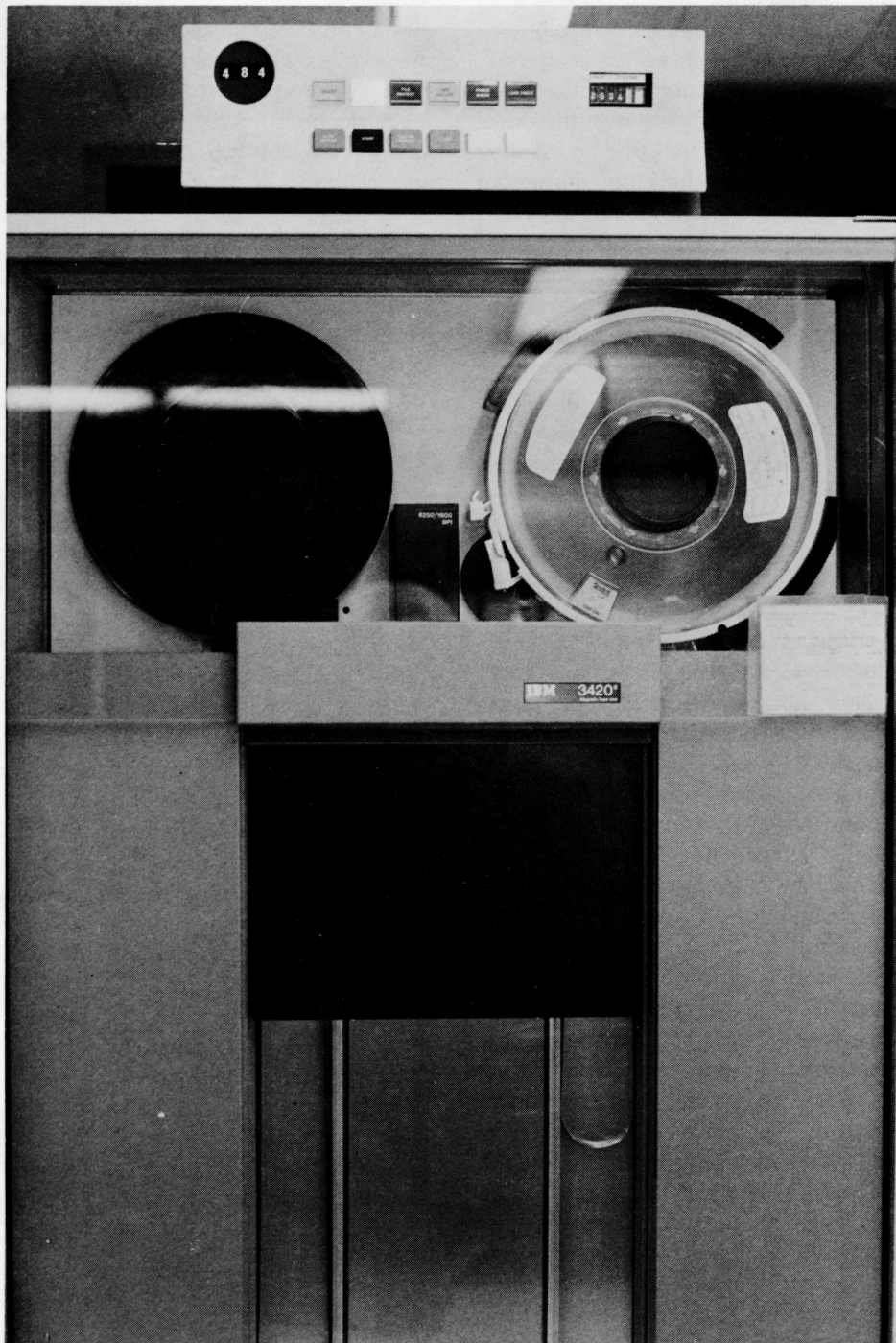
Whether computers are used in business, engineering or architecture, the technology of computers grows more proficient each day. According to Neil Graham, author of *The Mind Tool: Computers and Their Impact on Society*, (1975), "Hardly a month goes by that some new development is not

announced that will make computers smaller, faster, and more powerful, or provide them with greater memory capacity."

The memory capacity in most computers is divided into the main and auxiliary memories. Graham explains that the main memory can store or recall its contents in about a millionth of a second, whereas the auxiliary memory is about 1,000 times slower. However, the main memory is much more expensive to operate.

The memory, integrated with other components of the computer, allow it to do a multitude of things including simulating traffic flow problems, pollution analysis, mass transit, energy usage and city planning. And, so that all of these things may some day become routine, according to Graham, even children are being taught to use computers, on a small scale basis. He describes a game called Turtle in which children are taught to program a small wheeled robot called a Turtle to make it work its way through mazes or to draw mathematical curves as it moves over a piece of paper.

For those interested in using computers for other purposes besides computing, there are now computers which allow the operator to draw a figure on it with light, and upon instruction goes back and improves lines and converts a crudely drawn line into a perfectly straight one. A computer can also easily rotate a figure, so that it can be seen from different angles. Schiffman said someone can actually design a car and rotate it so that the angles can be seen. "As long as you can write a mathematical problem for it, you can work it out. There's just an endless listing of things that are happening." C



## LULLABYE FOR A STORMY NIGHT

Please, little baby child,  
Lie down to rest,  
Lay down your silken head  
Upon your mother's breast  
The wind is-a howlin' in the night  
So let your mamma hold you tight.

Hush, little baby child;  
It's howlin' not for you  
Storms, they come a-ragin'  
No matter what you do.  
On kind and cruel the rain will fall,  
Tear mountains down, make trees grow tall.

Dream, little baby child,  
Of distant, peaceful lands.  
You need not fear, for all you hear  
Is in your Father's hands.  
His voice is in the wind and rain  
And in your mother's sweet refrain.

Time, little baby child,  
May still the thunder's roar.  
As you grow old, its mighty roll  
Might be a voice no more  
Now listen, to your mother's song  
And thunder say, "You're not alone."

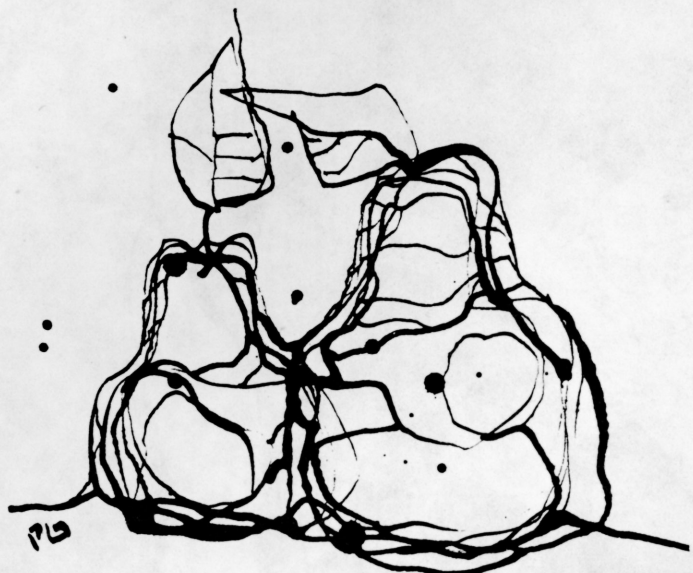
Please, little baby child;  
Lie down to rest;  
Lay down your silken head  
Upon your mother's breast.  
The wind is-a howlin' in the night,  
So let your mamma hold you tight.

John M. Bradley III

## FIRST FIRE

Cedar kindling split, I turn  
to hickory sections, the sledgehammer  
and red wedge as the sun  
pauses on the west wall's flat stones.  
The concentric circles of age  
visible on the log recall the storm  
that brought the tree down, the calm  
in its distant eye. I set the steel  
in the center and call  
on the same muscles that sawed  
the fallen limbs and dropped  
the great trunk across the lawn.  
I pause to watch the evening star  
shine through the year's first cold sky,  
to listen as a chuck-will's-widow  
slurs her cry from the privet hedge.  
The sun is lost beyond the wall's edge  
as I strike the wedge to sparks,  
raise the maul and strike home again.  
As the log opens its seasoned heart  
at last to force and the widow's lament,  
dark has settled on the land.  
The first light I see woodgrain clearly by  
will be this winter's first fire  
spending the hickory's deciduous life.  
The first heat radiating from the grate  
as bloodmaples blaze in the pasture  
will come from stormwood whose green shade  
kept me in comfort for three summers,  
whose windy fall threatened my home.  
Now the dense lumber will keep me warm  
these nights as ash like dry snow drifts  
against the bricks and smoke rises, trying  
to stitch my labor to the stars.

R.T. Smith



line drawing by Pat Golden

Infatuation—  
A ridiculous form of admiration,  
An inextinguishable excitement  
Bringing only excruciation

**Melissa Dunlevy**



# Auburn and Its Churches

by Robin Shumpert



*Auburn United Methodist Church, circa 1895.*

In the beginning of the earth, there were sky and sea and land. In the beginning of the United States, there were Indians, Vikings and English. In the beginning of Auburn, there were Methodists, Baptists, Catholics, Episcopalians and Presbyterians. The creation of anything, be it a world, a nation, or our little town, always touches our hearts with reverence and nostalgia for the "way it all began" and for the people that experienced the beginning. Auburn church history appeals to that yearning. One of the earliest congregations in Auburn was the United Methodist Church.

## **United Methodist Church**

"The most important part of a man's live and character should be the religious

part," proclaimed Judge Harper, the founder and first citizen of Auburn. He supported this belief with action by donating the site on the southeast corner of Gay Street and Magnolia Avenue for Auburn United Methodist Church. A log church was built there which was used until it was replaced in 1850 by a frame building which had galleries on three sides of the sanctuary for the slaves to sit during the services.

Probably the most fascinating history of any organization deals with its members. Following are a few anecdotes of some of the more interesting personalities in AUMC. Mrs. B.B. Ross (Lettie) was a pillar of the church and enjoyed recounting the story of the prayer meeting of the Women's missionary of the Methodist Church. The president of the club, Mrs. C. H. Davis called on a Mrs. Rush to lead the closing prayer, and hearing no sound from her, she called on Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Ross began her eloquent prayer for the heathen Chinese, and meanwhile Mrs. Rush erupted into prayer. Each lady was hard of hearing, so they both prayed loudly and fervently while the other ladies tried to contain their hysteria at the two women unaware of the other's reverent petitions.

Another interesting personality of AUMC's early history was Uncle Issac Hill, a beloved and devout member. Like a true Methodist, he enjoyed "raising the hymns" in the church services and left the church on the grounds that an organ was placed in the sanctuary which drowned out human voices. Having withdrawn entirely, he built a church for his family out in the country.

In the 1850's Auburn Methodists conducted a fund drive in order to build a

college. Reverend E. J. Hamill was the financial agent who had an amusing way of prompting contributions. To hesitant givers, Mr. Hamill would suggest they pray over it, and then he would lead the prayer himself and close by renewing his appeal for money. The tactic seemed to work. His congregation helped to raise over \$75,000.00.

### **Auburn's First Baptist Church**

Soon after the Methodist congregation formed, the Baptist families organized a congregation in 1836. In 1843 the first Baptist church was built on the north side of Glenn Avenue. The building that now exists there is the fifth Baptist church, built in 1929.

During the Civil War, the Baptist church was used as a makeshift hospital. One night in 1864 there was a storm that caused the roof of the church to cave in over the heads of the wounded who were lying in the pews. When men with axes and saws cut into the building to rescue the trapped people, they discovered that no one had been injured. Amazingly, the roof had rested on the pews, keeping the patients dry and preventing them from being crushed.

There are several noteworthy characters filling the annals of the Baptist

records. Even their names are entertaining. For example one minister, Edwin Champion Baptist Bowler Wheeler Nicolas Dema Stephen Resden Carter Jackson Moore Thomas, was named such because his mother dreamed three successive nights that he should be named that.

A close observation of the second church reveals that it had two entrances, one for men and one for women. In 1854 the melodeon was placed between the two entrances, in the center of the church. It was concealed by a green curtain that also hid the choir, because the organist was too timid to play if she could be seen.

In 1855 Parson Jones became the pastor of the second Baptist Church. He is long remembered for his peace-loving attitude among his bickering church members. He admonished them by saying that he would be ashamed not to speak to fellow church members; in fact, he would even speak to the Devil. He would say, "Good morning, Devil," and walk on.

### **St. Michael's Catholic Church**

"Hordes of them!" . . . "No place to worship!" . . . "Auburn needs a mission church!" . . . Imagine the dismay of the

Roman Catholic Diocese in the early 1900's when it received this report of the overwhelming numbers of Catholic students in Auburn. The news must have been particularly shocking since the records showed only three Catholic families residing in Auburn. To what could one credit the discrepancy? According to long-time parish members Martha McIntyre and Dru Saunders, there is a popular legend about the origin of St. Michael's Church, originally Sacred Heart Church, located on Magnolia Avenue. When East Alabama Male College became Alabama A&M in 1872, all of the students at Auburn were men involved in the ROTC program. When they applied to the University, they had to state their religious affiliations with the understanding that they were required, by school regulation, to attend the church of their faith. Each Sunday morning the men were marched, in uniform, to their churches. Since there were only three Catholic families in Auburn, there was no Catholic church. So the Catholic students, having no church to attend, enjoyed Sunday mornings free from the church-going obligations of their peers. The secret of their precious freedom did not remain a secret for long. Several Protestants quickly "converted" and the records began to show soaring numbers of Catholic students attending Auburn. The Diocese, upon hearing these reports of Catholics without a church, rapidly set in motion the plans for an Auburn church. In 1912 Sacred Heart opened her doors to considerably fewer Catholics than expected, but there lies the humble beginning of St. Michael's Church.

A couple of interesting stories from pre-St. Michael's times follow. To serve the needs of the handful of Catholic families in the late 1800's, a Vincentian community in Opelika sent a priest, on foot, to Auburn. The priest would walk along the railroad tracks and the train engineer would give him a ride into Auburn. In the early days of Sacred Heart there was no rectory, so Father Patrick J. Doran, the first priest to serve in residence here, lived in the apartments still standing at the corner of Thach Avenue and Gay Street and took his meals with the students at a boarding house. He is



*First Baptist Church of Auburn, circa 1900.*



*Sacred Heart Church (now St. Michael's), circa 1950.*



*St. Dunstan's Episcopal Church, circa 1970.*

pictured here standing in front of the old St. Michael's Church, Sacred Heart.

### St. Dunstan's Episcopal Church

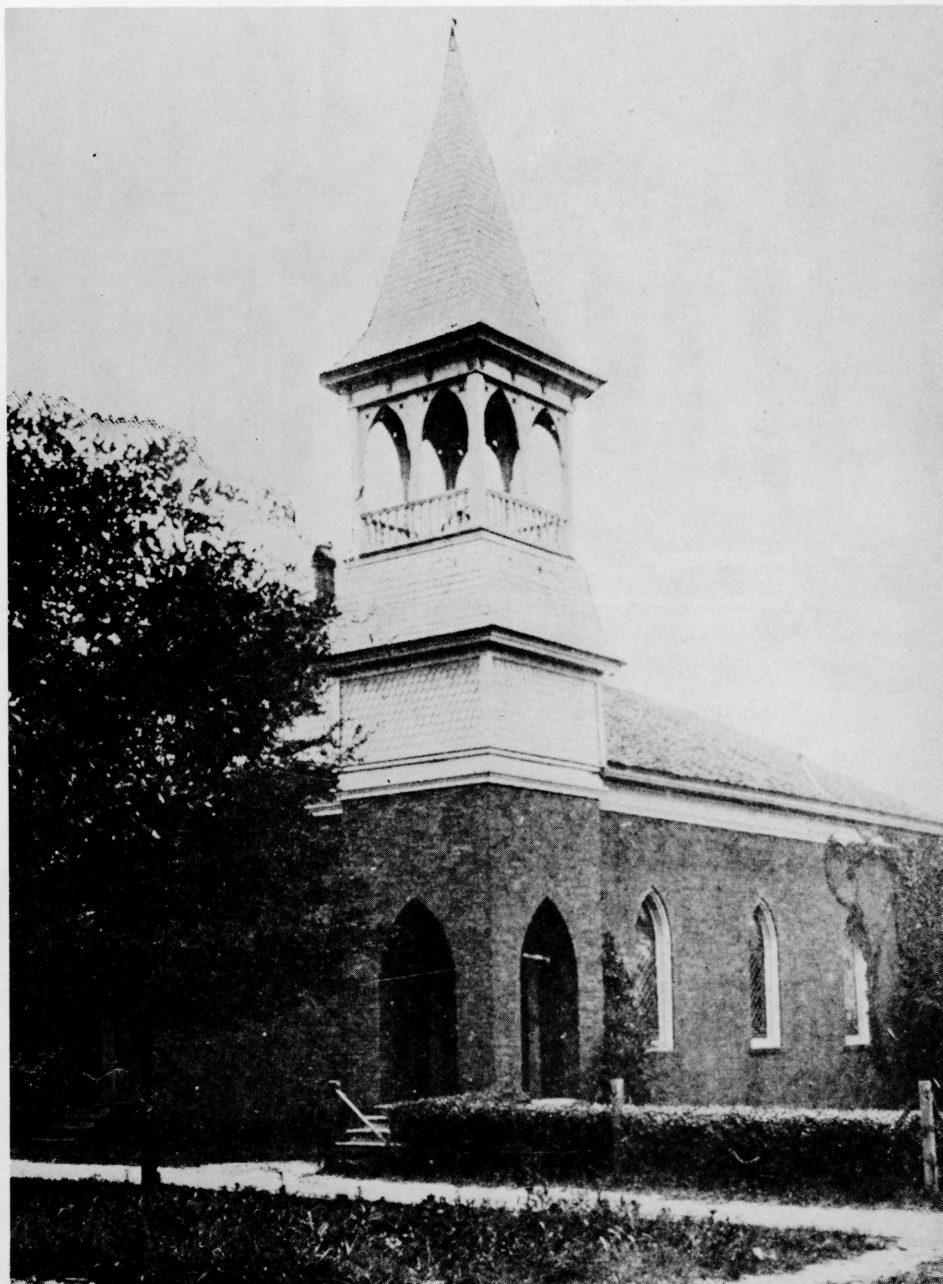
In the 1850's there were enough Episcopalians in the town of Auburn to form a small congregation. In 1883 Rev. George M. Everhart, the Episcopal rector, held monthly worship services in the Presbyterian Church. Under Rev. D. B. Waddell funds were collected to build a chapel on Thach Avenue, east of where the Carnegie Library stood. That building was consecrated in 1887. Later the church moved to a small frame building on the present site of St. Dunstan's Church on Magnolia Avenue. In 1931 a new brick church and parish house became the Church of Holy Innocents, an earlier name for the Episcopal Church.

The Episcopal congregation still remembers several of the charming ladies that upheld the Church in the early days. One in particular was Mrs. Lazurus, who constantly entertained bishops and had the reputation for being a philosopher with a "bright," sparkling spirit defying always the onslaughts of adversity or sorrow, through her ninety-six years," reported Mrs. Mollie Hollifield Jones in her study of Auburn history.

According to Mrs. Mary Reece Frazer's book, *History of the Auburn Baptist Church*, when the Episcopal Church was being built, a Mr. McGregor, a wealthy man, was in charge of construction. Mrs. Frazer tells about her father meeting a Negro worker of Mr. McGregor's, who was hauling lumber for the building. When Mr. Frazer asked the man what he was going to do with it, he answered, "Hits fur Mr. McGregor's Pisterpon Church." The St. Dunstan's Chapel stands now because of the dedication of that man and many others like him.

### First Presbyterian Church

According to Mrs. Mollie Hollifield Jones, the oldest building in Auburn is the First Presbyterian Church of 1850, now the University Chapel on the corner of College Street and Thach Avenue. Since then the building has been used by the Auburn Players, the YMCA and the YWCA, and the college used it for class-



First Presbyterian Church (now Auburn University Chapel), circa 1910.

rooms when part of the University burned. That same building has been standing since 1850 and is now the Auburn University Chapel.

Professor Nick Davis of the School of Agriculture designed some alterations for the building. The brick shelter on the Thach side of the building has been the subject of curious speculation from many passers-by. Although Dr. Davis designed it for the purposes of accent, of shielding the view of the fast food restaurant across the street, and of providing a shelter from the rain, others have conjectured that it was a lychgate. In England all of the cemeteries used to have a sur-

rounding wall with a gate. Immediately inside the gate was a lychgate where the coffin was placed for a preliminary service before the final graveside service. Professor Davis had no intention of his brick arch serving that purpose, but he said, "If people want to call it a lychgate, that's certainly fine with me. That's much better than calling it a bus stop!"

These five denominations—Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Presbyterian—have played a tremendous role in the history of Auburn. The personalities that stir fond memories have added to the charm of Auburn, the loveliest village on the plain. **C**

# SWIM IN A SEA OF GREEN

*by Jeffery P. Perry*

It was the dreams that first made me think. It was those running through the jungle dreams where Charlie is so close that I expect every instant to feel the searing penetration of a bullet, feeling its way into my back. The worst part is that they were real, far too real for a dream, more like a memory.

Once I dreamed of a training jump in which my dream parachute had a dream malfunction. This was one I had almost expected, for since I had returned from Airborne School I had often recalled the moment of stepping out of the airplane into the air, so it was no surprise that the dreams should find me in a parachute harness.

The dream plane was a C-130, a type of aircraft I had never jumped. I sprang into that swirling maelstrom caused by the prop blast, counting, waiting for the opening shock that never came.

As my downward velocity increased, the wind became a tangible thing that screamed warning inside my helmet and pressed the loose-fitting jungle fatigues against my body. The extra cloth flapped in the wind, slapping me sharply several

times a second. As I reached for the ripcord of the reserve chute, I hoped fervently that I really did have a malfunction, the stern instruction of the jumpmaster remembered even in panic, because I knew I was in trouble if I used a reserve without good reason.

The pilot chute of the reserve slapped me in the face as it flew out, as though in reprimand. Then my body jerked like a poorly-handled marionette as I slowed from 180 to 25 feet per second in only a few moments. An uncompromising and exceptionally hard earth threw itself against my feet and I awoke.

When I described the dream to an old paratrooper, he eyed me strangely and said it felt exactly that way, even to minor details. Now I pay careful attention to those "almost memories," to learn from the mistakes made, and that makes me think even more.

Every event and observation must be applied to the Army for reference; every item is a military lesson to be absorbed to pull me deeper into a sea of green.

Can I even live and not be military? Have I surrendered my soul and have no life of my own? There is a girl who thinks so, a girl who was drawn by the man beneath the uniform and frightened away by the sea of green behind the blue eyes.

I am almost a civilian. Enlistees in the

Regular Army tell me that I am not of them and civilians claim I have lost touch with them, so I go to school in a limbo between worlds until I am accepted by one or the other.

What is war? War is insanity. War is waste. War is hell. War-lovers are rarely warriors. War is glorious. War is exciting. War is a biological necessity. What is this institution to which Man so loves to commit himself, or to commit his subordinates? Why should we cry "havoc" and let slip the dogs of war? War is controlled violence for a purpose. The purpose is to enforce the decisions of one government that disagrees with its neighbor.

It is not the definition, however, that separates me from you. It is why you and I should become involved. Must a war be "moral" for you to participate? What is moral? Must you believe that "we are right and they are wrong?" Who decides? Must you have a "cause" to support? Why is it opposed? I fight because it is my job, and for no other reason. Politicians decide why to fight and with whom. Generals decide where to fight, and how. I supply the violence.



illustration by Dennis Causey

Am I a robot? A mercenary? Perhaps. Someone said that the noblest fate a man could endure was to place his own mortal body between his loved home and war's desolation. Perhaps he had started a war and needed participants. That desolation can get pretty desolate. Why should I fight? What grudge do I bear against someone who never did me harm until I appeared and kicked over his apple cart?

Is it because my omniscient, omnipotent, and omnibenevolent government sent me, and therefore it *must* be right? Unfortunately yes, that is my answer, and I am sure Dr. Pavlov is pleased.

My father fought from the beginning to the end of the war in Korea. "Easy" Company, 2/4 Brigade, 25th Infantry Division, the division called "Tropic Lightning," my father's company, made the only bayonet charge by U.S. troops of the war. They killed, with bayonets, rifles, and grenades, over 100 Chinese soldiers. Easy Co. suffered no casualties.

My father never spoke of the war until I questioned him, and then only of the hunger, the cold, and the misery. It was I, who, prowling restlessly through a little-used closet, found the dingy, yellowed, black and white striped shoebox with the divisional patches, the blurry photographs, the fragile news clippings, and the Bronze Star with its citation for valor.

It was not my father, but the contents of that crumbling box that laid the geas on me. I must serve my country at least four years in military uniform. I must make my obeisance to those who had served before. It was my duty. It did not matter that my father had enlisted only because the recruiter had promised to station him in Japan, he who had never passed the confines of Calhoun County, Alabama. What mattered was that Japan was the stepping stone to Korea. Of course, the recruiter might have neglected to mention that.

In school, some ten years after finding the box, I found that the sea of green into which I had dutifully waded had stained me with its... uniformity. It had stained me with a drab, olive-green stain. An indelible stain.

To the four years of compulsion were added 16 more years as I resolved to have some career at a time when all other careers seemed walled in by an olive sea.

I blame no person, no institution, nothing. I surrendered my body to harsh Instructors, and received a soul. Fears were overcome. Insecurity was removed. Confidence and pride reigned. They made me strong, and proud. I learned to plan, to adhere to those plans, and to take it in stride if some part of that plan went awry. I learned Authority, and its converse, Responsibility.

Then the dreams came. I did not want out. I would not have gotten out if I could, but I knew I was unlike those around me, and I feared for myself, my individuality.

The sea of green was all about me, and I worked to stay afloat. Blue eyes in a face painted green, hidden behind that concealing green, stared from under the green helmet of a green uniform.

I walked along a public way past some would-be demagogue who, spying my uniform, cried out against the murdering warmongers. I stopped, and skewered him with my coldest stare. I wanted to ask him whose blood had purchased this privilege, this "inalienable right" to speak as he chose, against whomever he chose. I wanted to wash him away in a flood of eloquence that would turn his listeners from him.

Instead I told him something he could understand, in sign language with one hand, and strode away, leaving him to believe himself right.

Which of us is right?

Is either of us right?

I was never in combat. A man has either been there or he has not; sometimes it seems that those who were there do not belong, and sometimes it is the ones who were not there that cannot fit. What was it like? The combat troops do not talk, and the others do not know. Sometimes I dream of the tracers forming a kaleidoscopic pattern against the night, interspersed by the flash of grenades and mortars, but I neither talk nor know.

A recruit does not worry about it. In a world greener than that he has known (more of an olive shade than that he has known) he is worried more over the ac-

tions of Jody, the civilian puke, often his brother, who takes advantage of the vacuum to acquire the recruit's girl. He frets about the world he left behind, never realizing that he can't go home again. It will not be the same. Nor is it.

In the homes of others, too, the sea has its effect, following me as though my presence were an uncorked phial left by a careless chemist. At the home of a young lady whose company was to honor me for the evening, I watched the faces of her parents when the question I had expected at last arose.

This one has short, neat hair, stands up straight, and is clean shaven. He looks a lot better for our daughter than any of the others. He's polite, too.

"What are you studying?"

"History, Ma'am."

"Oh, that's nice." How does he expect to support our daughter with history? "Do you plan on teaching?"

"No, Ma'am, I'm going to be a career Army officer."

"Oh." Army? He's going to carry our little daughter off to the Army?

"I thought about going career once."

"What branch were you in, Dear?"

"Ordinance."

"Is that what you'll be in?"

"No, Ma'am, I've requested Infantry."

My God! He *wants* to be a mudfoot! Where did our daughter meet this guy?

It is always the same. When I stepped out the door I expected to see the house itself sigh in relief.

Others have made the transition. I can only wait to discover if the civilian world will one day open its arms to me. Millions have done so. I wonder if there is left some trace of sea water behind their eyes.

You say you have just been drafted? Such a pity. Remember to pack your swimming trunks, and most especially your snorkel.

But why do you hesitate? Come on in; the water's fine. The air is a bit chilly when you start to get out, though. ©

# A Tale of Two Irelands: Dublin and Belfast

by Dickson Brown

*Dickson Brown, an Auburn student whose family came from Ireland in the 1920's, spent two weeks in Ireland during the summer of 1980. In the following essay, the author contrasts Dublin and Belfast drawing on experiences gained through his travels in Ireland and his personal study of Irish history.*

Ireland is something of a mythical land in the imaginations of most Americans. To many it is a vague "old country," a benign land of leprechauns, which affords even its most distant sons and daughters an excuse for St. Patrick's day revelry. To the news-conscious, Ireland is a recurring source of political and religious terrorism. As incongruous as these popular views are, I have found in my travels to Ireland that both are fairly accurate. The two major cities, Dublin and Belfast, are examples of this paradox.

Dublin lies on the extreme east coast of Ireland, facing the Irish Sea and Wales 80 miles beyond. Ironically, Dublin is as close to Britain as Ireland gets geographically. It was founded in 800 A.D. by the Vikings as a base for plundering the country; an Irishman will tell you that the English continued the tradition. In-

deed, Dublin served as the center of British hegemony over the country from 1169 until Ireland gained independence in 1922.

Dublin today is the political capital and commercial center of a still largely agrarian nation. The old British influence is still visible in the Georgian architecture and left handed traffic. Yet more obvious is the resurgence of Irishness in Dublin, displacing the former influence as much as possible. Every street sign and public notice is in both English and the native Gaelic, and both are in Celtic uncial script. The *Irish Times* is available in both languages, as is local television. Some of the bolder billboards advertise their goods in Gaelic only. Classes in the ancient tongue are mandatory in schools throughout the land, ensuring that the ads are understood by future generations.



Richard Smith '82

However significant these developments are, it is the Irish and Dublin people who are the present day triumph of a tragic past. For centuries the British had tried to anglicize the natives by forbidding the practice of their cherished Catholicism on pain of death, imposing mandatory tithes to the Anglican church, and subjugating most of the peasant population to English landlords. Add to this the 1840's potato famine nightmare, which starved to death one in six Irishmen and sent another packing to the New World. Despite these painful and recent memories, the Dubliner is as bubbly as his stereotype.

He is often shabbily dressed, barrel-chested and burly. Anywhere you meet him, he will crush your hand with unparalleled friendliness and cheerfully converse on any imaginable topic until you are forced to shut him up or leave. During the chat, be prepared for a steady dose of jokes and tall tales; a Dubliner will always try to be the life of the party, even if you are the only other in attendance. If you are not already in a pub, you are probably not indoors; these drinking establishments occupy nearly every street corner in the city. Once there, the Dubliner's show continues, aided by herculean quantities of the national liquid obsession, Guinness stout beer. Somewhere in the conversation, you wonder where this charming enigma is employed. Wherever, he most assuredly doesn't work too hard. If your imagination continues to wander, you can imagine his wife—whom he describes to any stranger as a shrew—dragging him and their dozen children off to mass each Sunday.

If you remain in the pub past nightfall, when the premises fills to capacity with serious drinkers, you might want to get a good seat before the fights begin. The Dublin pub is a manly, bare-knuckles society, and Dublin men love to fight.

However, the pub is not a field of honor cluttered by tables and chairs. Actual dislike is only occasionally involved in the fistcuffs. (More often than not it is a mere difference of opinion.) For two brawlers to be thrown out of one pub only to walk next door and buy each other drinks is not uncommon. While I was on a train in the city, a fight broke out between two highly intoxicated brothers. While I nerv-

ously looked on and two young English women screamed at the brutish spectacle, a troop of Irish girl scouts giggled and pointed. Even the youngest Dubliners must take pleasure in the pugilistic custom.

Indeed, the centuries of Anglo-Saxon domination have failed to transform rollicking Dublin into another staid and conservative London. However, Britain's attempt to graft herself onto Ireland was far more successful in the north.

Belfast is the largest city in Northern Ireland, a region which occupies the northeastern one-fifth of the island. Traditionally called Ulster, Northern Ireland is an area where England confiscated huge tracts of private land in the 1600's and gave it to retiring English

army officers and lowland Scots. The newcomers brought with them completely different languages, customs and cultures, as well as fervently Protestant, anti-Catholic religion. When the rest of Ireland received its independence in 1922, the descendants of this imposed foreign majority voted to keep the six Ulster counties within the commonwealth, and so it remains to this day. Belfast is a legacy of the strife between revenge-minded Catholic Irish who seek a united Ireland, and the long-planted subjects of the crown who want to remain separate from the republic.

Unlike Dublin, Belfast is an industrial city. Its shipyards are among the best equipped in Europe and produced many of the dreadnoughts when Britain ruled the waves. Shipbuilding has

brought in related industries to the city which makes factories a common sight. The rest of Belfast is Victorian; the architecture, the artificial lamp lights, the thin urban trees and intermittent cobblestone roads lend Belfast the appearance of a carefully preserved Conan Doyle novel. Old churches of every Protestant denomination occupy the street corners in this city; their grim, gray steeples seem to admonish one for having fond memories of Dublin's sinful pubs. (One must look far to satisfy his thirst in Belfast.)

For news and entertainment, the *London Times* and *Daily Mail* are the staples of the newstands while the BBC is carried on the airwaves. Bowler hats and black umbrellas are still in fashion. The street signs even seem transplanted from

Picadilly Circus. For the Protestant Belfast, the more British it is, the better. The Catholic Belfast is not as comfortable.

The Catholics in Belfast live mostly in ghettos on the fringes of the city. Because of widespread religious discrimination, they rarely find equal education, employment or housing. Moreover, they are born and raised in derision and contempt of the majority, a state similar to that of black Americans in the Old South. Not surprisingly, this oppressed community has long been a hotbed of violence. The prime executor of violence has been the provisional wing of the illegal Irish Republican Army.

Depending on who describes them, the "provos" of the IRA are either a gang of thugs with pyrotechnic leanings, or an organized professional political/terrorist force similar to the PLO. Their constant bombings and shootings are a familiar source of fear in all of Ulster. The IRA is never seen, but sobering signs of its presence are everywhere in Belfast; British paratroopers in full battle gear and flak-jacketed police warily patrol the streets. Checkpoints and physical searches are a part of inner city travel. In railway stations there are signs warning the public to avoid and report unattended packages. Ubiquitous barbed wire surrounds ugly gutted buildings. Police stations are defended by sandbag ramparts and electrified fences.

The industrious people of Belfast are quietly friendly but show an undercurrent of fear from this battle in slow motion. If you stop at Bellamy's boarding house downtown, the elderly Protestant woman who operates this modest establishment still gracefully serves afternoon tea. Her Wedgwood service and old photograph of the queen on the wall are endearing touches. Like most Belfasters, she doesn't like talk about the violence. But in her few and moving words, she will remember how the building down the street was bombed last year. She hopes that the provos don't find enmity with her. Later, tea is interrupted by the

loud sirens of two police cars screaming past her door. Her gentle smile visibly drops as she wonders where it happened this time.

Across town, a young aging Catholic mother prepares a meager lunch. Looking beyond dingy curtains and a much taped window, she sees her two young sons pitching rocks at the vacant lot across the street. A fear creeps over her as she senses that the rocks they hurl today may someday be Molotov cocktails aimed at an army patrol.

And then there is the English army sergeant who never cared much for the Irish, Protestant or Catholic. He daily searches them for concealed weapons and explosives before they enter Robinson and Cleaver's department store. Bored as he is, he pities his comrades who walk the Catholic districts; the poor chaps are sitting ducks for snipers. When he remembers the good man they lost last month, he becomes disgusted that his government placed him between these murderous Irish savages to protect them from each other. He can only long for a transfer to easier duty in NATO.

Troubled Belfast is a striking contrast to quaintly shiftless Dublin. Belfast, like Ulster, is the bastard child of a forced union between Ireland and the Empire. Now the child must live on the same island as its mother, and no one is content. So until the hatred and violence are forgotten in Belfast and until Dublin pubs close their doors for lack of business, Ireland is likely to retain its bittersweet mystique in the imaginations of Americans.



etching by Richard Smith

the giraffe,  
by every standard  
known to man,  
is  
far  
above  
the  
lowly  
toad  
and  
uses  
his  
neck  
to  
shoul-  
der  
the  
load

the squatty body seems insuffic i e n t  
to keep his limbs from folding  
but a short-legged giraffe with  
an accordion neck would surely  
be a sight for beholding

the	long
lean	legs
seem	most
in-	secure
but	the
noble	giraffe
is	stable
for	sure

**Leigh Ann Dilgard**

## Life at the Movies

We would dance all night on top of a forty-foot grand piano,  
Me in my black tie and tails, you in your silver sequined gown.  
I'll be Dennis Morgan and you can be Ann Sheridan,  
Singing how you love me in three-quarter time.  
We'll be two fugitives from a 1944 cinematic, Technicolor dream.  
We can shimmer together on the satin screen,  
Whitewashed by the carbon arcs,  
Until we're both too burned out to go on.

Then finally, after the picture's over  
And the voyeuristic crowd's gone home,  
The quiet, gray women will come in  
To sweep up the popcorn.

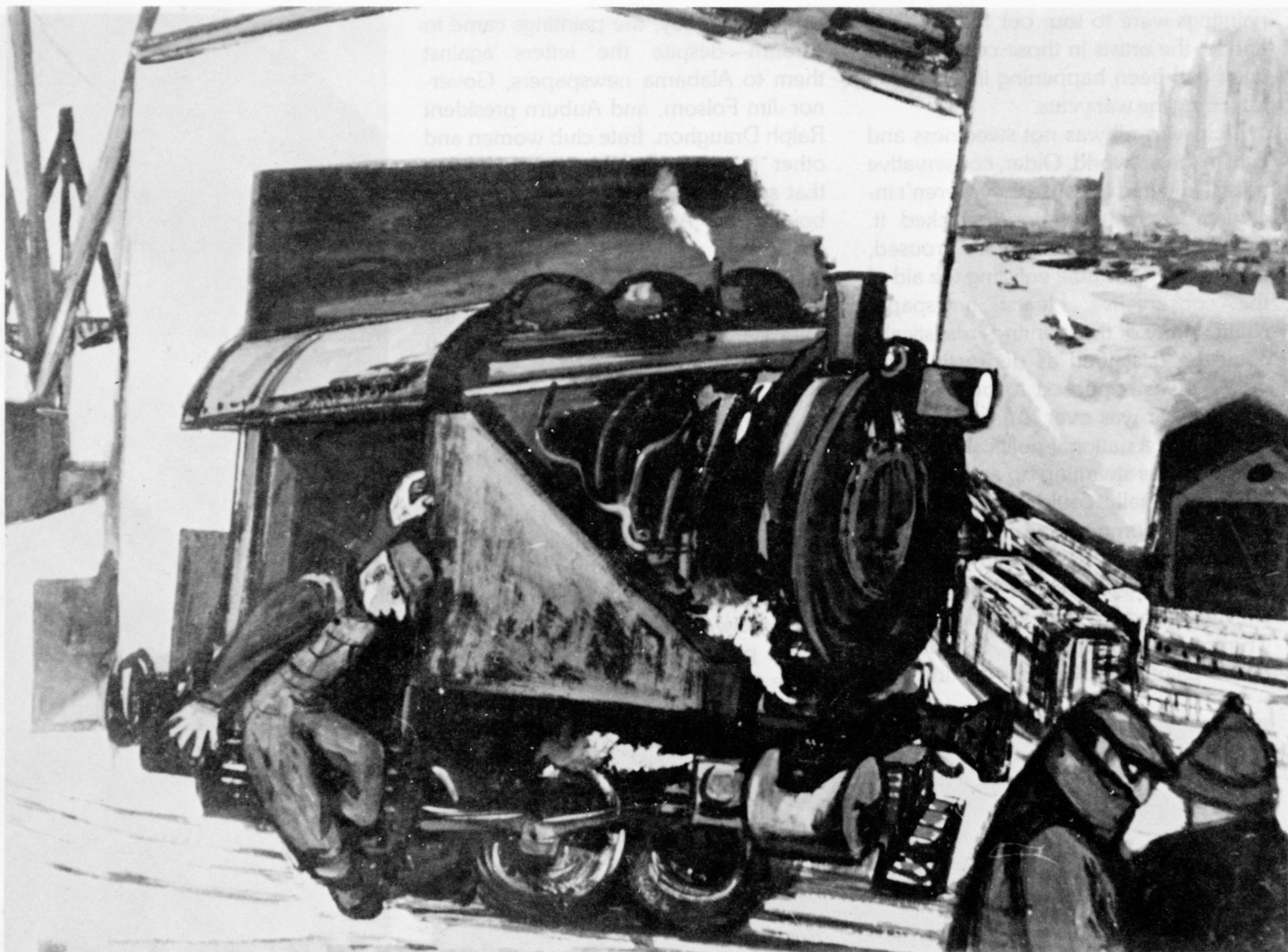
**Timothy J. Lockhart**

## RAKING

Reaching into the wet leaves,  
Cool as a woman's hand,  
Many still amber and vermillion,  
Too beautiful to throw away,  
And studying shapes I've loved for years,  
Of oak, of maple, of gum,  
Of ginkgo, and of mulberry,  
And combing the monkey grass  
I note the pine cones,  
Grenade-perfect, laid on the lawn  
By time and wind,  
And then the afternoon comes back  
When the trainee left one  
In the sergeant's lap  
And the sky blew open  
Amber and vermillion as the leaves.

**Fred Donovan Hill**





*"Donkey Engine" by George Prestopino*

## Auburn's Permanent Art Collection

by Kaye Lovvorn

Following World War II, Auburn bought war surplus goods of a diversity and quantity to boggle the mind. Returning veterans lived in tugboat deckhouses and former barracks. Their professors sat at desks still painted olive drab and stuffed their papers into old Army file cabinets. But the most valuable—and certainly the most unusual—of Auburn's war surplus purchases was a collection of thirty-six paintings. Strictly speaking, the art works weren't war surplus at all. That was just a convenient designation under which to slip a controversial State Department art collection.

Auburn has always been a difficult institution to pigeonhole—and a more dif-

ficult one to explain. A couple of years ago when Auburn reviewed its general education requirements for all students, a professor pointed out that most Auburn students have never seen a major work of art. That's not surprising when you remember that Auburn is located in the rural South where agriculture and engineering reign. It's not surprising, that is, except for two circumstances: At the same time Auburn has had agriculture and engineering prominence, it's also had the oldest school of architecture and fine arts in the South (including an art department with its own share of distinction) and—more to our point—it's had a valuable collection of Twentieth Century

art, a collection built on those war surplus paintings.

The Auburn University Permanent Art Collection, as it's known, is no secret; yet few students—or faculty—know of its existence. And not many of those who know about it have ever seen it. Because the university has had nowhere to display paintings by the likes of Ben Shahn, John Marin, and Georgia O'Keeffe, the works have remained locked away in a vault.

The paintings came to Auburn by a circuitous route. Immediately following World War II, the State Department put together a collection of recent paintings called "Advancing American Art." The

paintings were to tour our former allies and let the artists in those countries see what had been happening in American art during the war years.

However, all was not sweetness and light in the art world. Older, conservative artists, angered because they weren't included in the collection, attacked it. Once the art patriarchs were aroused, they had little trouble enlisting the aid of the conservative Hearst newspaper chain. Many of the paintings realistically could be described as depressing and nothing was supposed to be bad now that the war was over. An art squabble turned into a national political row. The cold war was steaming up and anything different usually could be checked by labeling it Communistic. Naturally, the art collection was attacked as Communistic propaganda.

Then Congress and President Harry Truman—not known for his taste in either painting or music—got into the

Consequently, the paintings came to Auburn—despite the letters against them to Alabama newspapers, Governor Jim Folsom, and Auburn president Ralph Draughon.irate club women and other interested souls were indignant that such dangerous works were being bought by Auburn and brought to Alabama.

Included in the works Auburn bought was what *Newsweek* described as the “much ridiculed” *Circus Girl Resting* by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, about which President Truman supposedly said, “If that’s art, I’m a Hottentot.” Other works of particular note in Auburn’s collection are an oil seascape by John Marin, a small Georgia O’Keeffe oil (which today is probably the most valuable painting in the collection), an oil by Arthur Dove, and Ben Shahn’s *Hunger* (the most famous work Auburn owns).

The paintings’ subjects include some of the more unpleasant facts of life, and



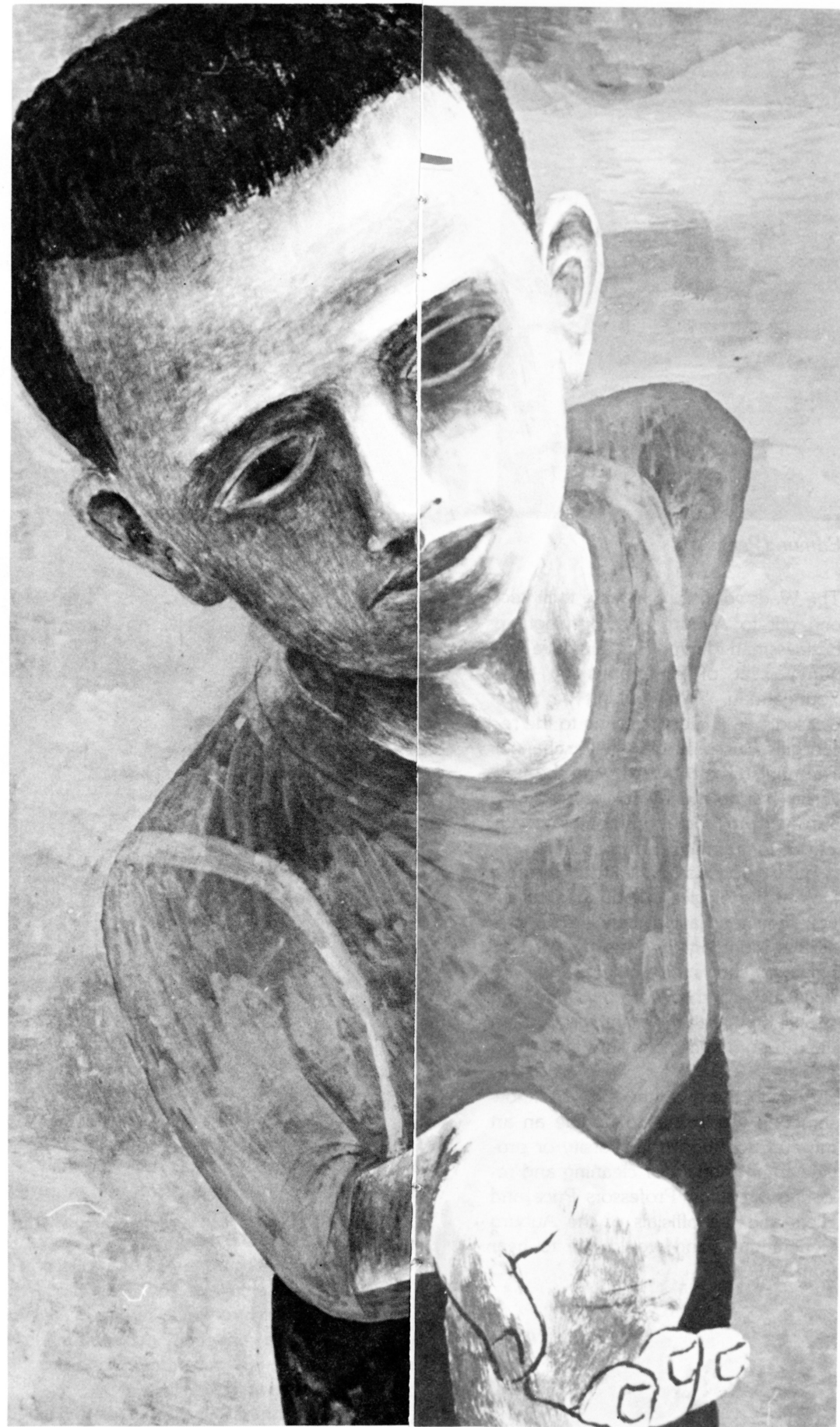
“Small Hill Near Alcade” by Georgia O’Keeffe

act. The upshot was the cancellation of the tour in April 1947. The collection was sold as war surplus by sealed bids to landgrant universities and “veterans owning art stores.”

When the bidding had concluded, Auburn and the University of Oklahoma came out with the most paintings—each got thirty-six. The University of Georgia got ten. To pay for Auburn’s paintings, the Art Department faculty gave up their raises for 1948. That show of sacrifice helped convince a reluctant university administration to come up with the rest of the almost \$1100 to pay for the works, which had been discounted 95 percent.

people who prefer the art from the schools of Norman Rockwell or Grandma Moses viewed the works as “repulsive and unAmerican with no excuse for being.” The man-on-the-street agreed with President Truman’s description of modern art as “the vaporings of half-baked lazy people.” Today, of course, those radical painters of the Forties are considered conservative and many of their works regarded as masterpieces.

To have good works of art at Auburn is important because of their value to all students, but particularly to Auburn art students who otherwise are limited to studying books and slides. The art faculty believed the State Department Collection paintings would give Auburn stu-



“Hunger” by Ben Shahn



“Seascape” by John Marin

dents a chance to make a firsthand study of good paintings of current artists. Unfortunately, that’s not been the case. For a few years after the paintings came to campus, they were shown together or hung individually in offices around campus. By the early Seventies, however, the works had not only become too valuable to hang all over campus, but many of them were also damaged and almost all of them needed cleaning. The university had no place to show valuable art works where they would be protected from vandals and thieves, nor did it have funds to clean and restore them. Consequently, the paintings were taken down and hidden in a vault on campus. Though the vault is not temperature-controlled nor is it safe from insects, at least it protects the paintings from vandals and casual thieves. For ten years the paintings languished, largely unseen, uncared for, and deteriorating still. A painting came out of the dungeon only to be shipped to an exhibit of the artist’s work, usually hundreds or thousands of miles from Auburn. The only exception came in 1976 when a grant from the Franklin Foundation enabled the Art De-

partment to clean and show a few of the paintings as a part of Auburn’s Bicentennial celebration.

The Art Department has never given up the dream of having a museum in which to show the works or of getting money to clean and restore those paintings needing it. Except for the Franklin Foundation gift, no money has been forthcoming for either purpose.

But renewed interest in the collection in the last year or so has increased the department’s hopes. The collection’s current curator, Mark Price, a young painter and assistant professor of art, has pursued both money for restoring the paintings and publicity to make people more aware of the collection. He hopes at least to restore the paintings while they can still be saved (one is already too far gone). And he finds it absurd to ship Auburn’s paintings off to exhibitions in Nebraska or Japan while Alabamians and Auburn students can’t see them. Price made a proposal to the National Endowment for the Arts for funds to re-

store the paintings. (His proposal was turned down ironically because the paintings aren't on regular display and the NEA wants their money to be spent on works people can see.) He also began talks with the Montgomery Museum of Art about the possibility of showing some of the works there.

In the meantime, an alumni art collecting couple injected new life into the collection by giving Auburn its first French impressionistic painting. Noel and Kathy Wadsworth of Marietta, Ga., love both Auburn and art to such a degree that when *Time* magazine did a sketch on the young collectors, it mentioned their Auburn connection. In December 1980, the Wadsworths added the painting *Shell Gatherers* by Edmund Petitjean to the collection. The gift is one of several planned by the Wadsworths to build a small French collection at Auburn as their support of the university's current Auburn Generations Fund. Art enthusiasts also hope that the Generations Fund, a \$61.7 million fundraising effort began by the university last year, will bring forth donors who will fund the cleaning and restoring of the paintings and a museum for their exhibition. Like Price and other admirers of the Auburn art collection, the Wadsworths want to see the collection out where students and others can see it on campus.

Professor Price's talks with the Montgomery Museum resulted in a display of eighteen of Auburn's paintings as a part of a show called "A Panorama of American Art" held in Montgomery last March. Area newspapers covered the show well and carloads of Auburn faculty and students drove the fifty miles to Montgomery to have their first look at the paintings. Since that time, the energetic Price has published an article about the collection in *Art Papers* and negotiated a six-year loan of the works to the Montgomery Museum, which will protect and exhibit the works. The loan should not only keep the paintings out of the closet but Price hopes that it will



"The Shellgatherers" by Edmund Petitjean

make the collection eligible for the National Endowment grant, now that they'll be on regular exhibit.

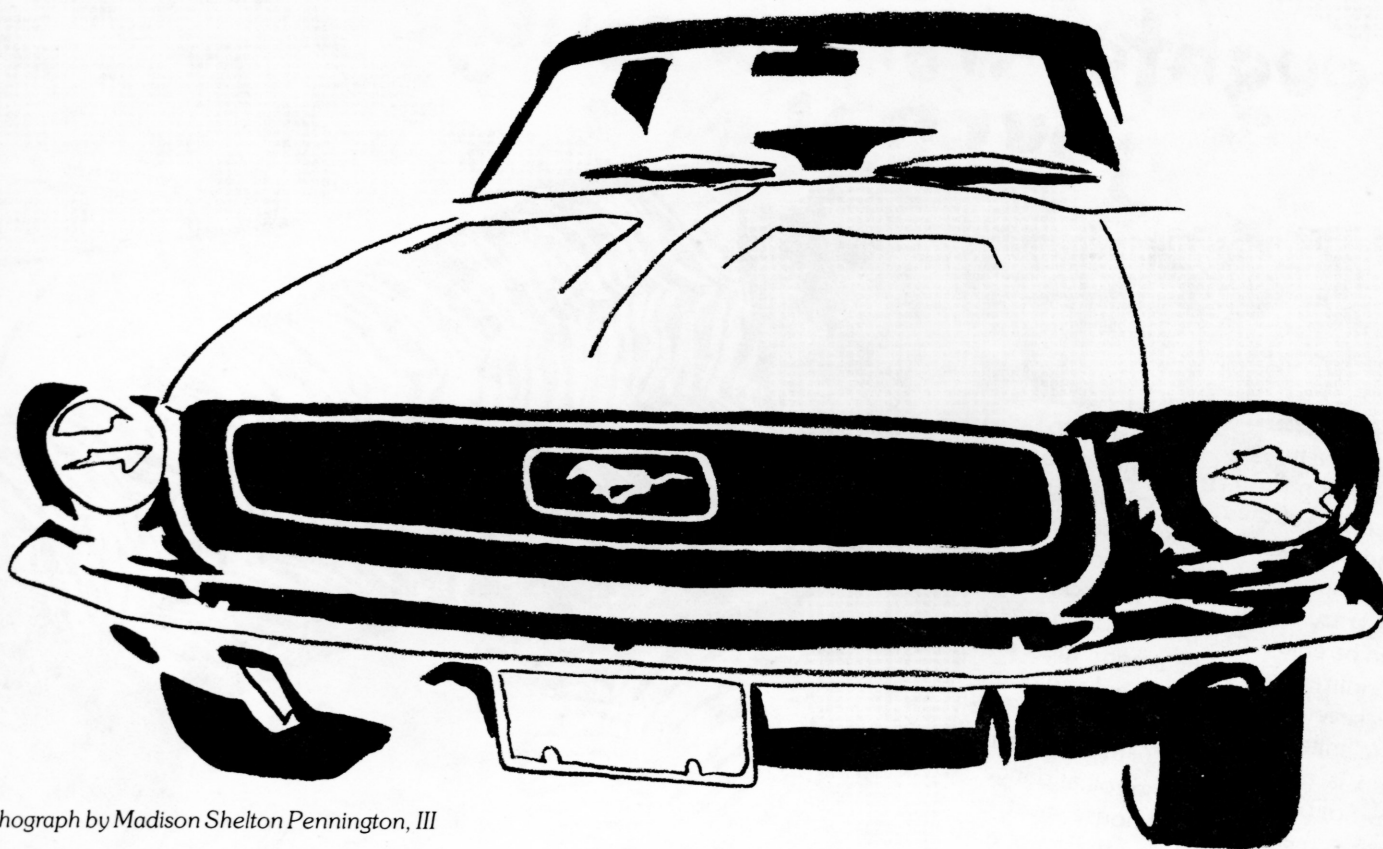
One can scarcely imagine another such valuable resource of the university being as neglected as the permanent art collection has been. And the paintings are valuable. An official of the famed Sotheby Parke Bernet Gallery appraised the collection in 1980 and called it the "finest collection of mid-Twentieth Century art in the Deep South." For security reasons, nobody will say just how valuable the collection is. In 1948, it was valued at \$22,000. In 1972 a former professor, now with the Smithsonian, assured Art Department head Charles Hiers that any one of the paintings was worth \$22,000. In the past ten years, their value has skyrocketed as many of the painters have become acknowledged as modern masters.

Despite the problems of the collection over the years, it has continued to grow.

The Wadsworths are making their second gift to Auburn and Birmingham businessman Mervyn Barstein gave Auburn a set of lithographs by Jack Youngerman. "We couldn't be more pleased," said Hiers referring to the recent gifts. But some things never change. The prints aren't framed. And the university has no money so they can't be displayed until somebody comes up with \$1,000 for framing.

But if Auburn students want to take a look at the biggies in Auburn's collection, they now have a chance to do so—at the Montgomery Museum of Art. However, shows there change and Prof. Price suggests that, before you make a special trip to see the paintings, you call the museum and make sure they're on display.

And, in the meantime, if you know someone who'd like to donate an art museum to Auburn University or provide some money for cleaning and restoring paintings, Professors Price and Hiers and the officials of the Auburn Generations Fund would like to hear from you. C



*lithograph by Madison Shelton Pennington, III*

#### **Utah '54**

Mason Grove Speedway shares summer Saturday nights  
with the dusk and dawn shadows  
of the Mason Grove Drive-In,  
where old cars in their decaying metal skins  
rest in convertible air.

Between races I can hear the voices  
from the sound boxes at the Drive-In  
and wonder about the reels  
that are played in the cars.

Voices carry far on warm human nights in midsummer  
and lose their lips on the way,  
but I can always see the blue light of the movie.  
Some nights the air is heavy enough to kiss  
and reflect the images without a hand or a screen.  
Finally porno movies drip and play like phantom soap operas  
and nobody watches.

The cars parked in a semi-circle ignore each other  
til a horn blows the bodies apart  
or a match flares and illuminates its brain  
for a moment.

The last feature ends at two  
and the eyes of Mason Grove open  
to see the heavy traffic signs of reality  
and the vacant lots of early Sunday morning.

**René Chambers**

#### **a dramatic meeting of separate souls**

the stage is a wyoming bar—  
an ancient juke box  
with one track,  
several locals who dip,  
a barmaid and a horse  
(two horses will do),  
a lot of leather,  
some prints of russell,  
remington and the like,  
a pool table  
with a line of quarters  
on the felt.

one lonely young man.

one beast of a woman.

they share a booth  
and buy each other drinks  
all evening.  
he likes poetry.  
she likes duck-hunting.

will the night  
be tragic or comic?

you decide.

curtain.

**Ken Taylor**

# thoughts from a college journal

photograph by Les Capouya

Now I'm a fun guy or at least try to be, but occasionally I have the urge to analyze one of the hallowed institutions among Greeks at college campuses. Yes, I'm speaking of the ever popular, always crazy social. I believe socials are not to be enjoyed so much as they are to be endured. First, one's body must endure severe attacks of alcohol and hours of relentless, contortive dancing. The mind is also attacked with wave after wave of bizarre rock and roll at dangerous decibels. Next the house must endure excessive spillage of drinks and continuous fits of rearranged and thrown furniture. Furthermore, pledges must endure the monumental task of restoration early the next morning. Greeks are not the only ones who must survive the socials. Neighbors must overcome loud music and misplaced people in their shrubbery. Police must handle not only jail-bound drunks, but also a parking problem that puts the Rubik's Cube to shame. Finally, teachers must endure the socialite student's poor attempt to attend class the next morning. Excuse my bitterness, but my alarm clock just woke me from a social I enjoyed—ah endured—last night.

## Smile and Click—The Damage is Done

Except for the exceptionally vain individuals in this world, very few people will admit to making a good studio picture. Excuses for this phenomenon range from "My hair was out of place" to "My teeth aren't perfectly aligned" to "My eyes are shut." Well, I believe that the root of the problem doesn't lie with a person's self image but rather in the uncomfortable setting provided by the



photographer. Composite pictures were made yesterday, and I took the opportunity to study the techniques used by the photographer in producing severely adverse effects. First, he sits you on a ridiculously low stool that midgets wouldn't use, and asks you to "straighten up." Then he poses your hands in a strained, contorted manner that the F.B.I. should use when arresting criminals, and tells you to "stay put." Finally, he tilts your head to some bizarre angle that allows your nose to be a precise string's length away from the camera, and demands "look here." With all

by Paul Roberts

adjustments made, he cheerfully requests you to relax and give a natural smile. When I followed these directions and smiled, all my teeth fell out and my face underwent a spectrum of color changes from a loss of oxygen. It's no wonder people refuse to admit to making a good studio picture. Smile and click—the damage is done.

### A Serious Essay on Brown-nosing

Sublime persuasion may be the better technical name for it, but brown-nosing is certainly the more descriptive term for the popular art of raising one's grade through tactics other than intense studying and diligent effort. The origin of brown-nosing probably dates back to the shiny red apple left for the teacher by some outwardly nice but academically poor student. Over the years this useful tactic has taken such forms as erasing the board, being overtly polite, emptying the trash, adoring the teacher's drab wardrobe, blindly agreeing with the professor's stand on every issue — major or trivial—, constantly reminding the teacher of his or her eminent position among the great scholars, and never admitting to doing anything but homework in your spare time. While these methods all have excellent track records (I for one will testify to the saving grace of any number of them), they may be secondary to the brown-nosing scheme of some fraternities. Under the auspicious

name of Scholarship Banquet, the brothers arrange a happy half hour and dinner by which to wine and dine certain professors of classes where brothers have borderline grades. This obvious tactic is well camouflaged by such things as written invitations, formal attire, good food, and a speech on the many merits of the fraternity scholarship program that includes quiet hours and a library with prestigious books. Like paint that doesn't just cover old walls but also brightens the room, these characteristics not only mask the purpose but also aid in its eventual success. Consequently, professors are amazed at the behavior and interests of students outside the classroom and are honored by their requested presence and swayed by their royal treatment. Admittedly there are a few hard liners who wouldn't change a grade for their dying Aunt Ethel, but the overwhelming majority of professors are at least slightly brown-nosed by this masterful plan. Brown-nosing will exist as long as borderline grades exist, and it is a practice that all of us will need to employ sometime in our college career. Just remember, wine and cheese may make the difference between an A or a B.



line drawing by Dirk Hays



*etching by Stephanie Davis*

## NIGHTMARES CONTINUED

In the Sunday morning mist  
while Christians bend their knees in church  
I feel the cold spring rain on the back of my neck  
    with the window in view  
    and the skeleton key in place  
And I can pull it off, I've got the hands of a thief  
and the face—  
the face of a saint.

Some people say there's nothing left to believe in  
and find that so easy to believe  
It took even me a while to trust myself  
    hinges creak as I slide  
    into the shadows where only darkness reigns  
And I can pull it off, I've got the hands of a thief  
and the face—  
I've got the face of a saint.

I've heard enough words to last me a lifetime  
they are nothing but illusion to me now  
But this is no time for thunder  
    hidden in my head  
    locked in my wall-to-wall safe

And I can pull it off, I've got the hands of a thief  
and the face—  
I've got the face of a saint.

A footstep falls in the distance  
but my conscience does not hear anymore  
treat me like a man, perhaps I'll respond  
    withdrawn and sweat chills in my palm  
    groping for the handle of my blade  
And I can pull it off, I've got the hands of a thief  
and the face—  
I've got the face of a saint.

This is no daydream  
once light, I know it is real  
I move through the darkness like falling asleep  
    but should this be a nightmare  
    why does it continue, though I swear I'm awake?  
and pull it off with the hands of a thief  
and the face—  
the face of a saint.

**Emery Kane**

# Excerpts from “Lives of the Lesser Poets.”

## L. Snodwink Grellt (Yale, Harvard, and Mr. Percy’s School for Boys)

by Pat Kaetz

The biographical urge has long been with us; from Plutarch to Johnson, from Boswell to *The National Enquirer* we have felt the desire to pry into the lives of the great and semi-great. This latest entry into the genre by Prof. Grellt is notable in that it avoids the general seamy trend of much modern biography to catalogue just whose bones the notable in question spent the most time jumping. Prof. Grellt has, instead, included only those “juicy details” pertinent to the works of the lesser poets. Thus, a reader may enjoy scandalous tidbits without fear of compromising his professional interest in literature.

The following excerpts, reprinted with the permission of the publisher, are representative.

### Lord Reldon, Third Earl of Griddle (1798-1832)

Although born in the same year the Lyrical Ballads appeared, Lord Reldon (affectionately referred to as “Sir Bugbutt” by the tenant farmers on his estate) was largely affected by—and

probably largely unaware of—the entire English Romantic movement; his special interest was dirty limericks. From early childhood he showed an interest in literature, and at five years of age he composed what many critics say is his finest piece, “Ode to Some Gooey Stuff I Found On My Person.” Reldon spent the rest of his short life trying to fulfill his early promise. He died at the Griddleton Farm Fair when he stumbled into the midst of one of the rustic contests and was shucked to death by the excited farmers. Reldon is best known for his invention of the phrase “There was a young man from Nantucket,” and before his untimely demise he had become an intimate friend of Robert Browning’s cousin’s stepfather’s housemaid.

### Bensley Grime (1814-1874)

Known as the “Poet of the Factories,” Bensley Grime was born and raised in the industrial city of Manchester, England. From the age of three until his death he was employed in various capacities in the immense textile mills that thrived in this era of inhumane labor practices. Strangely enough, Grime was not disturbed by the squalid and debilitating conditions under which he and



his fellow workers were required to perform their tasks. Most of his poems are laudatory, such as his epic, "The Enchanted Land of Soot and Smoke," in which he blames the high rate of mortality among the workers not on their inability to adapt to breathing air which rotted the clothes off their backs before they could even reach the factory, but on their "weak moral fiber." The noted psychologist and critic Derek Soyman suggests that Grime was "a toady, the original scab," whose efforts in poetry were directed toward "sucking up to the owner." But despite his immense output (some twelve thousand sonnets, seventy-six dramas, and fourteen hundred political pamphlets), Grime apparently never made much of an impression on any particular owner and remained a common laborer his entire life. He died under questionable circumstances, somehow managing to fall into and drown in a normally sealed vat of blue dye (a poetic ending if there ever was one); his bright blue body was displayed for a number of years in P. T. Barnum's "Gallery of Unusual Stiffs."

### Sir Sidney Phillips (1522-1565)

Not to be confused with his near contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Sidney Phillips was a courtier under Henry VIII and briefly under Elizabeth. He was one of those poet/courtiers who acted as a bridge between the twilight of the Medieval Period and that great burgeoning of art and culture known as the Renaissance. Phillips was one of the last artists to dabble with the morality play, such as his infamous *Piers Dogcatcher*, a somewhat prolix drama of fifteen acts involving the daily tribulations of the hero, Piers. In a typical episode, Piers must decide whether or not to fine Dame Lustiness for failing to curb her spaniel or to accept certain ... favors from her to, as Phillips writes, "forget the whole thinge." Phillips also penned several allegorical court satires. The best of these, "A Looking-Glasse for Courtiers," has the character named Honor skip aimlessly around a clump of bushes while Faith, Hope and Charity try to persuade

him to come inside for some fun. Although circumstances surrounding his death are somewhat obscure, a recently discovered court record mentions his name in connection with the phrases "stretched by the necke" and "drawen and quartered," indicating that his death was not the happiest.

### Little Billy Whinnie (1643-1707)

A Somersetshire farmer's son, William Whinnie (called "Little Billy" because he stood only four feet two inches tall even in his wedgies) came to London in 1664 to seek his fortune as a literary man. Since he was practically penniless, he found himself unable to escape when the Great Plague of 1665 swept through the city. To make ends meet while the center of English commerce and culture was at a virtual standstill during those terrible days, Billy took a job as a Body Collector, clearing the streets of the multitudes who died of the dread disease. He rapidly grew bored with the job since conversation was obviously at a minimum from the dead folks, and to pass the time he began to make up lyric poems built around the cry of "Bring out your dead" that he was required to repeat at every street corner. Whinnie collected these poems into a volume entitled *Songs of the Plague Year* and had them published at his own expense in 1669. Here is a sample from the book:

Bring out your dead, hi-ho, hi-hey,  
Bring out your dead today;  
The sun is up high  
In the beautiful sky,  
So bring out your dead today, hey-hey,  
Bring out your dead today.

The corpses are starting to fester;  
The corpses are starting to swell;  
The sun is a-baking these bodies, and  
They're beginning to stink like hell.

Bring out your dead, hey-hey-nony-how,  
Bring out your dead right now;  
To tell you the truth,  
I think I will puke,  
So bring out your dead right now, hey-how,  
Bring out your dead right now, hey!

Not surprisingly, the reception given the book was at best insanely hostile. After all, some 70,000 people died in London alone during the year of the Plague, and the city was burned to the ground in the following year in the Great Fire; thus, the populace was in no mood to read a series of warped ditties recounting that "worst of times." Young Whinnie was glued to the back of a pack of dogs and driven out of town, a position he remained in for three months until the dogs killed each other in a frenzy of hunger. He returned to the farm and lived there until his death. Billy never gave up his desire to be a poet and wrote many verses to his favorite farm animals, the finest example of which is the tender and moving "To His Coy Sow." He also composed several occasional pieces having to do with the events on the farm; "The Day the Outhouse Exploded" is the best of these. The greater body of Whinnie's verse was not discovered until 1932 when it came to light while the noted archaeologist, Prof. Ormsby Smithe, was excavating ancient garbage dump sites.

Thus is Prof. Grellt's book. Should anyone wish to purchase this 719 page collection of biographical studies, he may order it from the publisher for only \$22.95. ©



photograph by Mary Lou Donaghey

## SHY RAIN

I have wondered, in nights when the rain  
Holds its song until men are asleep,  
If I heard the still silent refrain  
Stirring toward earth from the steep

And fast mantle of sea-driven clouds,  
Repeating the fall past the rooms  
Of no light, onto streets of no crowds,  
In a town where the houses seem tombs

Of the day in the night. I have wondered,  
Do I hear the rain's dream of its own  
Descent, or has midsummer thundered  
So brightly through whipping pines blown

In mad storms, storms remembered by heart,  
That this rain, shy of memory's fire,  
Still keeps in the sky its small part,  
For my sleep, to fall free of desire?

**Joe Harrison**



line drawing by Mike Bates

## LINES

(Written Somewhere Between Earth and Mars)

I do not feel the softness in my hands

Bone into life.

My eyes awaken in pools of vinegar

And I know the subtle price

Of blurred images with pickled tongues

And dying lips.

**Michael Woods**

# Scarecrows, Jack-O-Lanterns, and Skeletons in the Closet

by Marian Motley

*The Sunshine Lady. An intrinsic part of the town. Yet, not even known by name to the newcomers, those who gave her the names by which she now is known. Those who came pulling house trailers, dragging no roots behind them. Those brought by the mill, who built brick houses when the river was backed up, and called the Chattahoochee "the lake."*

*They see her. Day after day in the same scant clothing. She lifts one foot, then the other, like the pink flamingos that decorate their yards. Bare legs, bare shoulders, summer and winter. Holding out her arms, she offers herself to the sun. They see her. They have named her. Crazy Lady, The Sunshine Lady. But they don't know her story. And if they did, they would just laugh, never seeing their own lives in hers.*

Rupert Rountree closed his store in the middle of the afternoon the day Miss Mildred killed herself. Not that there was anything unusual about seeing Rountree's Grocery closed in the middle of the day. A lot of days Mr. Rupert got so drunk that one of his customers would just lock Mr. Rupert up inside, to keep the nigras from stealing the Rountrees' blind if Mr. Rupert should pass out, or to keep Mr. Rupert from shooting somebody if it turned out he was on a mean drunk. Sometimes whiskey made him sleepy; other times it made him plumb mean. But today he hadn't been drunk; he had closed the store and gone to town.

The one thing that was special about

Rountree's store being closed this time was that all the trick or treat candy in the world was locked up inside, not doing anybody any good if they couldn't get to it before Halloween night. Mama said it was a blessing in disguise—that was her favorite thing to say—because news had come to Springville that up north somewhere people had put razor blades in Halloween apples and D-Con rat poison in candy. She said that the mamas had made up their minds to put on the best carnival they could on a day's notice. They were going to decorate the lunchroom and have treats there and make a haunted house out of the gym and entertain the children there instead of letting us trick or treat this year. I argued that I knew not Aunt Sara or Mrs.

Cross or the Millers or anybody else in Springville would put a razor blade in the apple they intended for me because I knew none of them wanted me dead. After a few moments of worried silence, Mama also added that a colored convict had escaped from the County Jail and nobody was sure in which direction he had headed, but some thought he may have come to Springville because he had relatives here. She repeated that all the mothers had agreed that trick or treating would be replaced by the carnival that year. Seeing my puzzled expression, she quickly assured me that I should forget the whole thing and look forward to the carnival.

We rode to the schoolhouse in the car that night. When we got there it was all lit up and looked different from the way a school looks during the day. When I opened the car door, I could hear children running down the halls, screaming just to make noise and I knew those trashy Monroes were there. Each scream bounced off all the walls, amplifying and finally fading, to be immediately followed by another. I dreaded being nice to Kathy Monroe who smelled like bubblegum and sweat and had naturally curly hair, but I knew Mama would make me. She said they weren't trashy, that they just had a lot of children and not much money and that Kathy had beautiful hair and that some people would give a gold guinea for curly hair. I walked into the carnival with heavy feet, dressed as Fidel Castro because all I could find in the closet was an old army



etching by Dirk Hays

cap of Daddy's and a fake beard from somewhere. I figured that beat being a witch or a princess like everybody else always seemed to be.

Soon after we got to the carnival, Buddy Meeks came in and whispered something to Daddy and the two of them

left. We figured it was about the convict and Mama said Daddy had no business traipsing off after the convict when there were paid officials to do the job. She always worried when Daddy did what she considered dangerous things.

The carnival soon got to be boring.

Kathy Monroe, who was dressed like Shirley Temple, tap danced. All of her little white-headed brothers and sisters had lipstick smeared on their cheeks and the guinea feathers taped to the backs of their heads by this time were falling in all directions; they were supposed to be wild Indians. They acted the part even if they didn't look it with their pink skin and watery eyes. The haunted house was made up of a bowl of eyeballs that I recognized to be the grapes Mama had spent the afternoon peeling, a ketchup-y head stuck up through a table and surrounded by cooked spaghetti, and rubber gloves filled with water and hung from the ceiling. I decided to slip outside.

The moon was big and the air cold and clean. I sat on the huge cement abutment and wished I had brought a sweater. A rabbit or something rattled in the bushes nearby and, for a minute, I thought it might be the convict. I was glad to see Daddy and Buddy drive up and I ran down to meet them. Daddy just rolled the window down and sent me to tell Mama to let's go.

Back inside the school the floors were pounding with children's feet running up and down the halls; the walls, accustomed to solitude and silence after three o'clock, were still echoing screams. By now I figured the grapes must be pretty soggy and Walter Bone must be getting tired of crouching under the table with his head stuck through the hole cut in the top, and having spaghetti and ketchup all over his head. I found Mama and we left.

Daddy got back in our car and we all rode home together. Daddy said Buddy had heard a shot earlier that night and had looked out his front window, across at the Rountrees' house. He noticed that Mr. Rupert's truck wasn't in the yard and he tried to call over there, but nobody answered the phone. After it got hard dark and no lights came on over there, he came to look for Daddy and they went in and found Miss Mildred dead. Mama asked where Francis was. Daddy said he reckoned with Mr. Rupert, but that it might be a good idea to call Mrs. Cole, the schoolbus driver, and ask if Francis had ridden the bus home that afternoon. Mama said she would.



*lithograph by Madison Shelton Pennington, III*

It was hard to tell how old Francis was. She was in high school but seemed a little older than high school age. When the Rountrees adopted her, she hadn't had much schooling, so they put her in the grade the teachers thought she should be in. Of course, I was too little to have paid much attention when they brought her here, but that's what Mama said.

When we got home, Mama called Mrs. Cole and she said that Francis hadn't ridden the bus. Then, Mama had to tell why she wanted to know, but warned Mrs. Cole not to tell a soul because it would be awful if Francis found out the wrong way. Then Mama said that no, nobody knew where Mr. Rupert was and that yes, it had crossed her mind, too, but that Daddy and Buddy said that the bullet was definitely self-inflicted, but that the coroner had been called.

I knew Mrs. Cole had said she reckoned if Mr. Rupert did it since he could be so mean on a mean-drunk. I remembered a few Saturdays ago when Mama wouldn't let me play outside because Mr. Rupert and his brother Mr. Ruben had met in the branch with guns to shoot out a quarrel. I heard Daddy tell Mama that when he and Buddy got there to break it up, Mr. Rupert was shooting at Mr. Ruben's feet, yelling, "Dance, you bastard, dance." He had already shot off one of his toes.

Mama said she didn't know which was better—an abnormal family or no family at all; then, she was silent and I knew that Mrs. Cole was weighing the two possibilities. Mama said, "You don't mean it?" and then told about how, last Christmas, Mr. Rupert got drunk the night Mary Jane Cross spent the night with Francis, and let the hog in the house and it ate up the Christmas tree. After that, Mrs. Cross never let Mary Jane go back. And you could understand that, but you couldn't help but feel sorry for Francis, too.

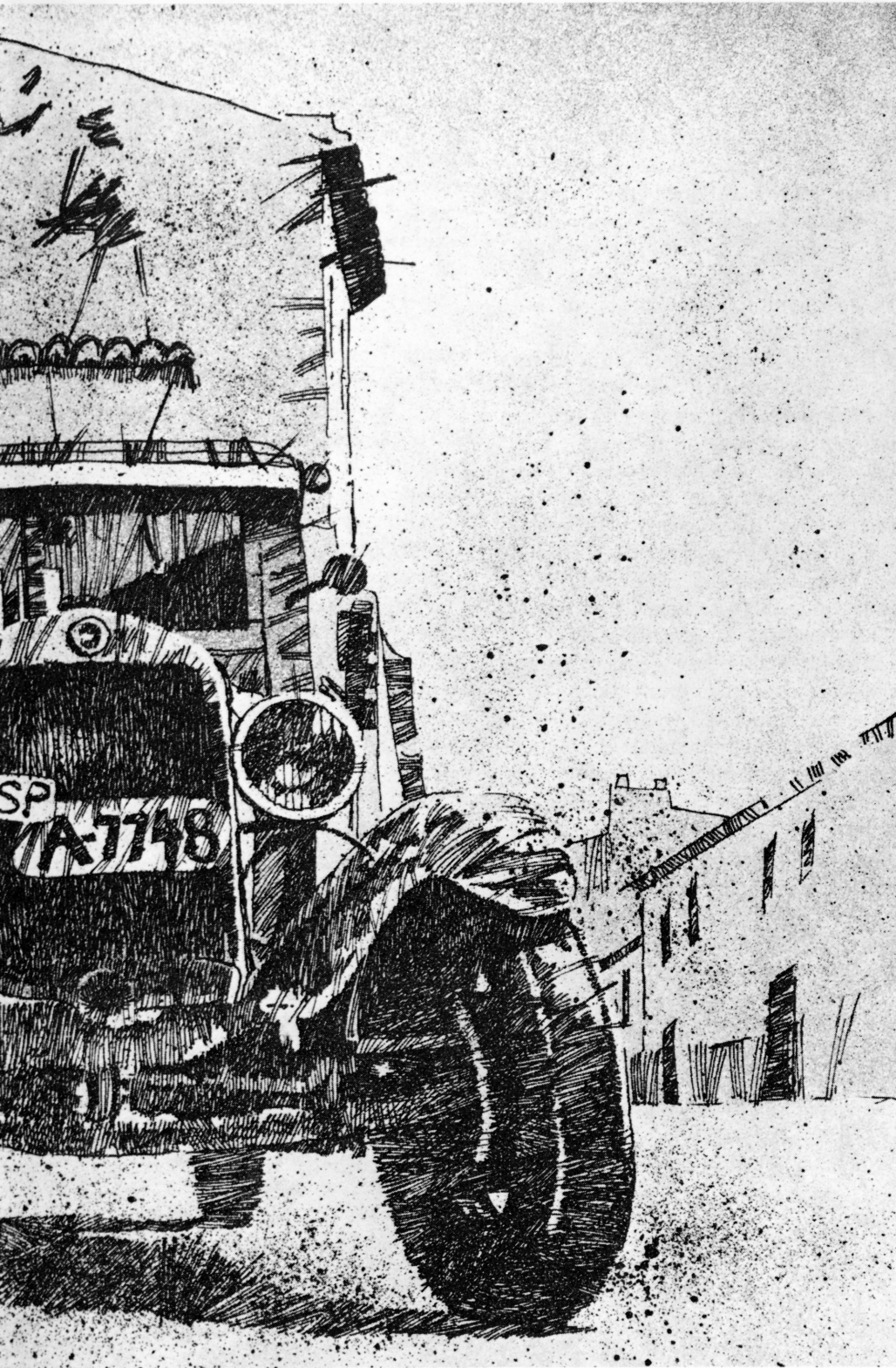
Daddy made Mama get off the phone because Buddy was going to call him when the coroner and the sheriff got to Miss Mildred's. When she hung up, she told Daddy that Mrs. Cole told her that her son, Jerry, being a Christian, went to call on Francis and to invite her to church and that they were sitting there on the



front talking when, all of a sudden, Mr. Rupert came up behind them and hollered, "Francis, by God, get me my gun. The niggers and the Baptists are running a race with the Kudzu to take over the South." Jerry jumped the ditch and ran every step of the way home, left his bicycle and Mr. Cole had to go back and get

it. Daddy said, "Well Rupert's got a point there," but before Mama could answer him, Buddy called.

After I went to bed that night, it hit me. It was a blessing in disguise! What if all night long people had been knocking on



Miss Mildred's door, calling "trick or treat" and her in there dead? The thought made goose pimples stand up on my arms. "Trick or treat, trick or treat" would have echoed all through her house, like the screams had bounced around in the schoolhouse, and she

would be there dead. Somewhere outside, there was an owl hoo-ing. It meant death. He knew! I wondered if Miss Mildred had heard an owl before she died. Just in case he wasn't hoo-ing for her, I tied a knot in the corner of my

sheet. I don't know how long it took me to fall asleep, but I know that it seemed like forever.

I woke up scared. It was still dark, but I had heard something. In the next room, I could hear Mama and Daddy, lying in the bed, discussing in whispers whether or not they had heard a car door slam. Then, a round of frantic knocking at the door. Daddy got up and went to the kitchen and asked who was there. Then I recognized the voice of Man Jackson, a colored man who lived in the quarter behind our house. He was stuttering, but finally calmed down enough to tell Daddy that some colored people up the road had called him on the phone, since he was the only Negro in the quarter with a phone and a car, and told him they had heard something under their house and they thought it was the convict. They wanted Man to tell Daddy to call the sheriff. This seemed like a round-about way of getting the sheriff since they could have called him themselves, but nobody questioned it.

I spent the rest of the night in Mama and Daddy's bed with them. I wanted to ask Daddy if they had ever found Mr. Rupert and Francis but I didn't. The day started off with the phone ringing. The news had spread about Miss Mildred and all the women were in a tailspin as to whether or not to take food to the house and sit with the family, as was the tradition after a death. People were a little bit scared of Mr. Rupert, but they felt sorry for Francis.

I went with Mama to the house. She carried a fried chicken on a big platter, and I had to carry the bowl of lime jello with peeled grapes in it. Francis opened the door for us. She didn't look like she had been crying and this relieved me. I never knew what to say to widows and I knew it would be even worse to try to say the right thing to somebody whose mama had just killed herself. Even though she didn't seem to have cried at all, a lot of women hugged her and kissed her and comforted her, as if she were hysterical. Mr. Rupert never showed his face. He was in the back, according to Francis, and didn't feel like

coming out. When she went back to take him a plate, some of the ladies offered the theory that Francis was still in shock, that she'd probably break down at the funeral when it all hit her. As another group of ladies arrived with covered dishes, some of us left. Francis thanked us for coming and gave Mama a piece of paper with funeral arrangements on it. Mama said she'd be glad to see to it that Francis' wishes were carried out; Francis said, "They're Daddy's."

My Daddy was a pallbearer and Mama played "In the Sweet, By and By" on the piano and I got to stay out of school. After the burial, we went back to the Rountree house. The older women, perplexed that Francis didn't "go to pieces" at the funeral, whispered behind gloved hands, "Poor child never knew her real mother, and now ... this!" Several had stories to share about the death of a mother or husband or child, "It was the day *after* the funeral before I really realized it. It was *then* that I broke down."

Interest in Francis' choice to grieve or not to grieve soon died as the sheriff's department came on the scene with bloodhounds. Sure enough, according to Sheriff Murray, somebody *had been* under the Negro house and had come out in such a hurry that he had left a whole pint of Red Rose wine. Springville got pretty scared as stories about the convict circulated. Mrs. Cross said that she heard from a reliable source, that she was sworn not to disclose, that he used to work with a butcher and that he had killed a woman and cut her up just like a ham. The sheriff told Daddy that he had been in jail for moonshining.

It rained the next night, one of those determined rains that soaks. The bloodhounds called all night; they were ten times more mournful than owls and, although it didn't make sense, I felt sor-

rier for the convict than I had for Miss Mildred—that is, if he really was just a moonshiner and not a butcher. She must have wanted to die or she wouldn't have shot herself, and she got to choose her place and time and the way to die. This poor fellow was out there in the cold rain being tracked down just for making a little whiskey. Those bloodhounds sure knew how to make a sorrowful sound. "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord," the preacher had said at the funeral.

The next morning they rounded up the bloodhounds and took them back to Montgomery. They said there was no use continuing with them, that the rain had washed the scent away anyway. Two days later, the convict was caught in Atlanta; he never had been near Springville. The rumor spread among the Negroes was that somebody and somebody else's wife were up under that house that night—no convict at all.

It took Francis a few weeks to see to it that the concerned and curious were not too disappointed when she didn't make a scene at the funeral. About four weeks after Miss Mildred was put in the ground, Rountrees' Grocery didn't open at all one day—or for several days to come. Around noon, about three days later, Rupert and Francis drove in, dressed fit to kill, drunk as could be, and opened up the store, announcing that they were married.

"I don't know what Francis wanted with such a mean ole fool as me," Rupert shouted over her shoulder to the crowd of people that had heard the wildly spreading news and gathered to see the newlyweds for themselves. Rupert was passing out free beer and

pickled eggs to his guests.

"Magnetism, Daddy, magnetism," Francis giggled. "One of these days I'm gonna cut ole magnetism off," Mr. Rupert answered with a loud laugh. On that note, Mama grabbed me by the arm and drug me out to the car. I said a silent goodbye to all the free candy in the world as the door closed behind us.

It was years later that Rupert and Francis adopted Roseanne, a bashful little girl who died of food poisoning a year after the adoption—another blessing in disguise, according to Mama. After that, Francis lost what mind she had ever had. She became so germ-conscious that she bathed the telephone mouthpiece at the grocery with disinfectant before she would talk on it; she rinsed her hands with alcohol after taking money from a Negro. According to the Negro, Ryanne, who helped her with her housework sometimes, she took naps with a Kleenex over her mouth and nose to filter out germs. Lydia Dean, the only person in Springville to ever earn a Ph.D., or want one, said the explanation was one word—guilt. "She's trying to wash her own guilt away," said Lydia. "I know a better word," Buddy told Lydia, "Crazy. Crazy as Hell."

I was grown when Mr. Rupert bled to death after cutting ole magnetism off while on a mean drunk. Francis mourned his death no more than she had mourned her mother's. But it was then that she was confronted with what she had feared all along. She was an orphan again and belonged to nobody. She even lost her name as the community grew into a town and new people came in and old ones died or forgot. She spends her days now wandering around town, as if searching for something. The Crazy Lady. The Sunshine Lady. **C**



### Profiles

It feels so feeble to wait.

Waiting for something I don't want

to go; to come;

28 pills in a pretty pink packet;

guilt sentences; the inevitable charge.

I snivel and smoke and wait

and try not to feel.

It could have been a Hallmark Christmas card morning—

my numb hands scraping away the

frosty pattern on the windshield

—save the perfect profile

—save the rounded smooth representation.

“The skin split like a ripe peach...”

But did he scream?

Above the shrill, white, abrasive light

and in all chaos

do I hear my name called out

in my own voice.

... or a bloated plum

exquisitely drizzled with

scalded sugar scabs

down the tight skin.

All grown up.

All grown up and waiting.

All grown up and waiting for the bus, the druggist, the priest

the abortionist, (the God damned surgeon general)

My spine feels like an insanely broken bottle

jabbing out of some ambiguity.

**Grace Scott Bishop**

# It Doesn't Get Easier

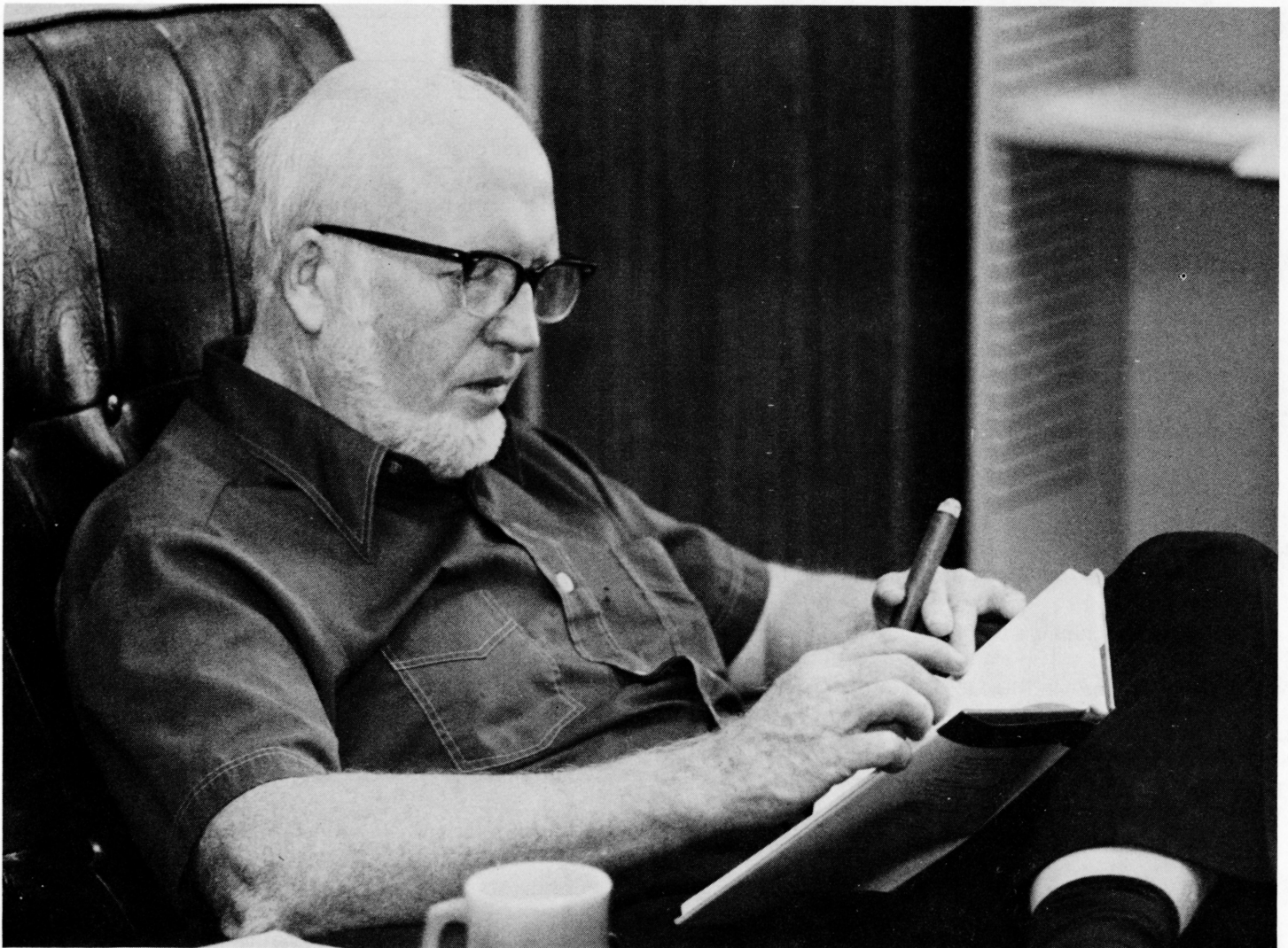
## Auburn's Writer-in-Residence Talks of Choosing of the Difficulties Writing as a Career

by Lisa Peacock

So, you've written a novel. It's good; it has appeal—you think people will want to read it. Now it's just the simple matter of getting it into print. Not quite so simple, says Madison Jones, Auburn's writer-in-residence, whose book, *Season of the Strangler*, is due (at last) to reach bookstore shelves in February.

*Season of the Strangler*, a collection of related short stories in the form of Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*, is loosely based upon the anxiety raised in Columbus, Georgia, over a series of murders there not long ago. Jones feels the title may be misleading—the book is not about “people getting strangled” (in fact, the strangler never actually appears); rather, it deals with separate incidents in which townspeople, living lives that make them feel “strangled,” feel a great deal of sympathy with the victims, and possibly with the strangler himself.

Take, for instance, the case of Wiley



Brownlea. Forced by age to live the idle life he deplors, he becomes obsessed with the suspicion that his young, strange neighbor is the Strangler. His fears turn to fascination, however, and a kind of jealousy for the outlaw's freedom. Not so for Myra Nettles. With problems of her own, she has no time to follow the horrors depicted in the papers. Nevertheless, the images haunt her, driving her to turn on herself and on her lover. Through these stories, the Strangler himself is all but present. He stands just beyond vision, a shadowy figure seen, but not seen, unknown—but as familiar as the man next door.

Although *The Strangler* will not appear until February, it could, in fact, have been released as early as June, relates Jones, but a change in editors moved the release date to early fall. Other setbacks, including the difficulties with Christmas book-buying and reviews, further delayed printing. Last November, Jones was able to display his first copies, covered in striking red and black book jackets.

A veteran author with six other novels to his credit, Jones is certainly proud of *Season of the Strangler*. "Most students are just not aware of the amount of work involved," he says, "they think that if they just sit down and write something, it will be good." Indeed, he himself has seen years go by as he struggled to make an idea "work"—a period all but incomprehensible to student writers.

As a teacher of creative writing as well as a published novelist, Jones has a good understanding of the problems faced by young writers. He enjoys a class in which a few individuals have talent, but he observes realistically that this situation is not common. "Most people can't write," he says matter-of-factly, "not because they're dumb; they just don't have talent for creative writing." Needless to say,

many students who regularly do well in writing classes run into trouble in creative writing. The disillusionment that follows is unfortunate, Jones seems to feel, since a writer has many options open to him besides fiction.

Jones, when attending Vanderbilt as an undergraduate, had only a mild interest in writing as a profession, until he took a course in creative writing under Donald Davidson, a member of the group of Southern writers known as the Fugitives. "He was a splendid teacher," Jones recalls, "he made me feel that I could write."

Getting started as a writer was difficult in the 1950's, he says, but "it is much tougher now. Today no reputable publisher will accept unsolicited manuscripts, working only through authors' agents. Publishing has become extremely money-oriented and publishers only buy manuscripts that are sure to sell." Even with an agent, who takes his manuscript to several companies, an author can never be sure that his work will get the attention it deserves unless he can "pull a string somewhere."

Jones does not seem to be groping for ideas to transform into tales. "I stumble upon my ideas," he says; "they just pop up." Sometimes a story a friend relates to him grows into an idea, or, as is the case with *Season of the Strangler*, a news item starts him thinking. He sees himself changing somewhat as a writer. His first five novels develop thematically around the dilemma faced by the South in the twentieth century as Southerners reluctantly let go of their traditional outlook and became more Americanized. "'Old' feelings were still intense, certainly fifty years ago, and as little as twenty years ago. When I was growing up, a Yankee was a curiosity, a 'furriner.' Today there are so many Yankees among us," he adds with a smile. His latest books have been set in more recent times, dealing with individuals in today's South.

When asked which books would be

best for a young writer to read, he immediately answers "the Old Testament—there are so many good stories there, so many excellent people." Chaucer and Shakespeare also rank high on the list, as well as James Joyce's stories and the works of Eudora Welty and Katherine Ann Porter. William Faulkner is also necessary reading. However, Jones considers his highly individualistic style "a dangerous model." He is also careful to stress that, above all, the student read works that he enjoys. A good background in literature is worthless if the works have no meaning to the reader.

Of his own novels, Jones considers *A Cry of Absence*, published in 1971, and set in a small Tennessee town in 1956, to be his most accessible. He feels that a reader can find in its pages some of his own experiences whether a native Southerner, or a transplant. Indeed, *A Cry of Absence* is a gripping tale that relates the unspoken lore of the South without sacrificing its dignity or the violently emotional story line.

Apparently others have found his tales arresting as well, for in the 1970's, his novel *An Exile* was made into the movie *I Walk the Line*, starring Gregory Peck and Tuesday Weld. Regrettably, Jones had little to do with the transcription of his book onto film. "I did not write the screenplay. Yes, there were frustrations, but they paid me pretty well. I managed to swallow my frustrations." He had also written a screenplay for *A Cry of Absence*, but to date, he has had no response from producers.

As many and varied as are the trials of a young writer, Madison Jones does not believe that good writers are a dying breed. True, it is difficult to make a living as a writer today, but not impossible. "There will always be new writers, new books, coming along." ☐



etching by Stephanie Davis

### Scapegoat

"The Lord will punish man for sin," the old religion said,  
 "Unless a ram or lamb or bull is killed and blood is shed."

So men began to sacrifice their animals to God  
 So He would lay their guilt aside and put away His rod.

Then came a man who said that God is like paternal kin  
 Who is not quick to punish for our failures and our sin.

He said the Lord shows mercy, so should we show mercy, too  
 But if a man does not forgive he will receive his due.

So mercy and not sacrifice was shown as God's desire,  
 But then the man who said these things was mocked and called a liar.

He was condemned by those who said that God condemned as well  
 And then they burned an animal to save themselves from Hell.

Then He who called his Father God returned to prove His Word.  
 He called his followers to love and practice what they heard.

But some who followed, so they said, forgot the words he spoke.  
 They made of him the sacrifice to God for laws they broke.

"The Lord will punish man for sin," the new religion said,  
 "Unless a ram or lamb or man is killed and blood is shed."

**Dan Haulman**

### the dancer from the dance

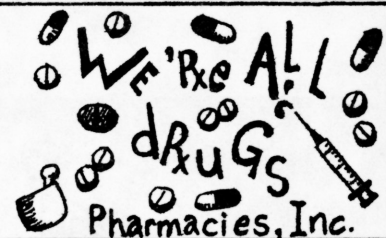
laura  
 if you had not existed  
 i would have to invent  
 such a ballerina  
 sitting in the doorway  
 of a roofless stone building,  
 with that hair like water falling  
 into the pool of your dress  
 and the hands like restless birds  
 resting after a long flight.

we had abandoned school  
 to stare down what passes  
 for a mountain in alabama,  
 but all we heard was the leaves'  
 calliope of colors as  
 they drifted to our feet.  
 words, delicate as those leaves, and  
 your face, pale as the moon in the  
 afternoon sky, have now disappeared  
 into the breeze of other days.

laura  
 you were the one who sat down  
 in the ruins, not me.  
 you thought you left a shiver  
 in my heart, a nerve in tune  
 with your deep-space comedies  
 and sideways laughter; no,  
 you left nothing but this poem  
 shining like an air bubble on the  
 surface of a motionless pond.

**A.J. Wright**

# EMPLOYMENT APPLICATION FOR WORK FORM



Please *Print* or Please Type Please, okay?  
Did you really Bring a typewriter? ☐ No ☐ Yes ← Why? \_\_\_\_\_  
We're an EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER — for most people.

Today's Date Today: \_\_\_\_\_

WHOLE NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ LAST NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ SECOND-TO-LAST-OR-TO-FIRST NAMES FIRST INITIAL: \_\_\_\_\_ BIRTHDATE: \_\_\_\_\_ BIRTHPLACE: \_\_\_\_\_ BIRTHMARK: PUT HERE

PRESENT ADDRESS OF THE AFOREMENTIONED ABOVE (+) APPLICANT BELOW (+) ÷  
☐ Street No, or: \_\_\_\_\_ STREET: \_\_\_\_\_ C I T Y: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIPPER UP? ☐ YES ☐ NO! ☐ YES ☐ NO  
☐ P.O. Box and/or: \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Square Route: \_\_\_\_\_  
SEX: ☐ YES ☐ NO Your PLACE ☐ ORIGINAL -OR- MY PLACE ☐ EXTRA CRISPY  
SOCIAL NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_ AREA CODE: \_\_\_\_\_ SOCIAL PHONE NO. OF SECURITY AT YOUR HOME: \_\_\_\_\_ YOUR SOCIAL BUSINESS OF SECURED PH. #: \_\_\_\_\_  
A CONE: A = \_\_\_\_\_

AGE AND RACIAL STATUS (Please check (v) one (1) Please):  
☐ MINOR (<18) • ☐ MAJOR • ☐ GENERAL • ☐ MINORITY • ☐ MAJORITY •  
☐ MINOR MINORITY • ☐ MINE ARE PRIORITIES • ☐ MAJOR MINORITY •  
☐ MINOR MAJORITY • ☐ GENERALLY A MINOR A MAJOR ☐ IN GENERAL, MAJORITY  
☐ MARGARINE? ☐ PART OF MANY MONTHS. ☐ A MINOR MINORITY.  
☐ MINOR MINORITY BUT TOKEN MAJOR-GENERAL FOR ARMY QUOTAS.  
REAL PARENTS: ☐ ? (adopted) ☐ test tube MOTHER: \_\_\_\_\_ NAME(S) OF KNOWN OR POSSIBLE FATHER(S): \_\_\_\_\_  
NUMBER OF SIBLINGS: \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ GOD KNOWS  
PARENTS (GUARDIANS): GANG'S NAME — \_\_\_\_\_ YOUR RANK \_\_\_\_\_ ☐ COLD CEREAL ☐ HOT CEREAL

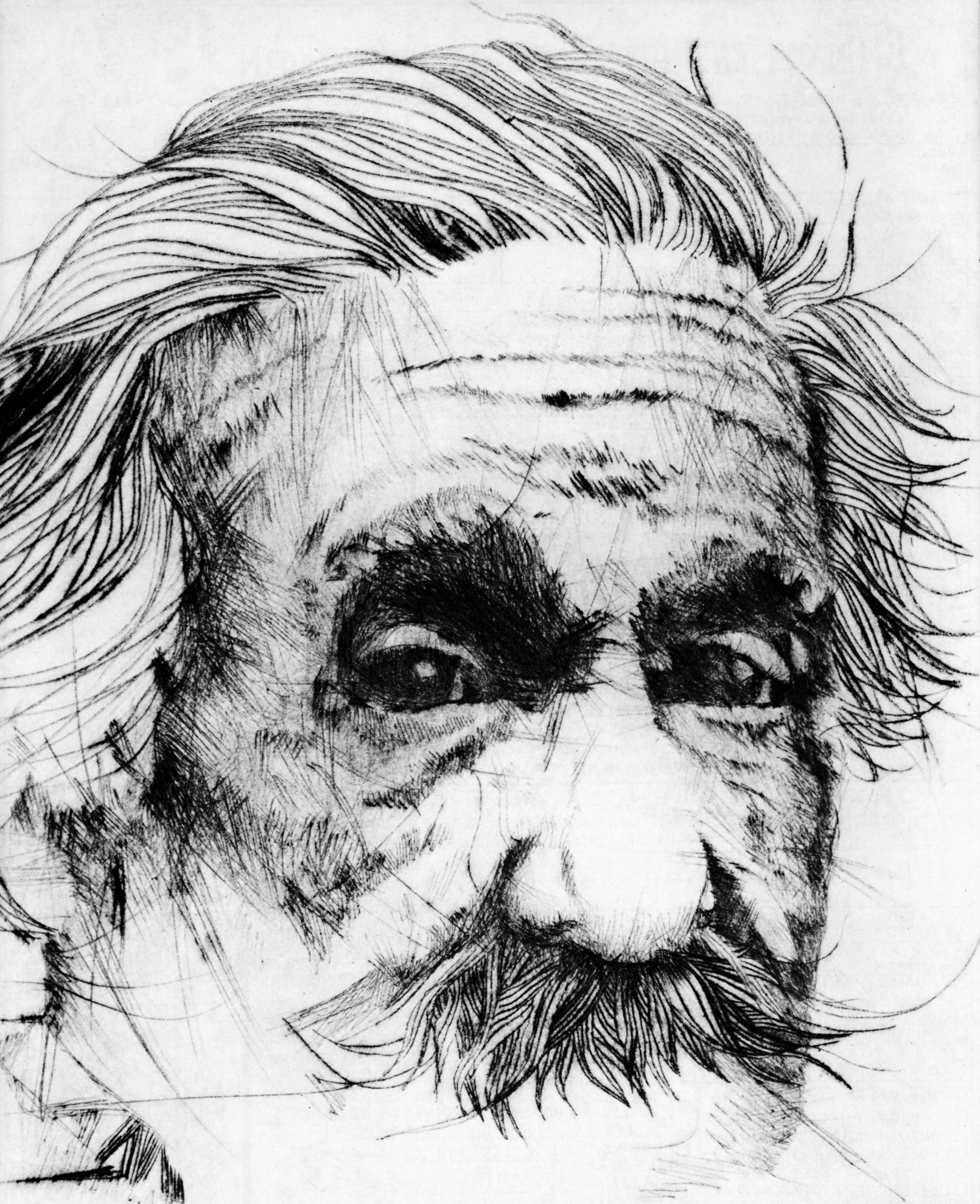
CHECK WHAT APPLIES TO YOURSELF:  
☐ I GOT A NEW HONDA PRÉLUDE FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRAD.  
☐ I GO TO COLLEGE JUST FOR PARTIES AND TO MEET RICH GIRLS BECAUSE DAD, MONSANTO du Dow III, HAS A JOB FOR ME IN HIS CHEMICAL COMPANY. I ALSO BELONG TO DAD'S FRATERNITY, Pi Bucka Grubba.  
☐ AS A Y.A.F., I DON'T BELIEVE IN ANY EQUAL RIGHTS.  
— IF YOU CHECKED ANY OF THE ABOVE, SORRY, YOU NUMBSKULL, WE DON'T HAVE ANY OPENINGS, NEVER WILL.  
— IF YOU DIDN'T CHECK ANY, CAN YOU START TO WORK TOMORROW? ☐ YES, ☐ NO.  
FAMILY'S INCOME CLASS STATUS:  
☐ FIRST CLASS STATUS (≥ \$50 K < Exxon)  
☐ SECOND-TO-FIRST CLASS STATUS (≥ 12 K < 50 K)  
☐ EXPLOITED-BY-FIRST-CLASS CLASS STATIC (sitting Static < \$12 K).  
COMMENTS: \_\_\_\_\_  
MARITAL STATUS:  
☐ SINGLE • ☐ DOUBLE • ☐ CHEESE • ☐ TOMATOE •  
☐ MARRIAGE LICENSE • ☐ LICENSE MARRIED • ☐ MARRIED BUT DIVORCED • ☐ MARRIED BUT SEPARATED • ☐ DIVORCED BUT SEPARATED • ☐ DIVORCED AND SEPARATED BUT MARRIED •  
☐ MARRIED SEPARATELY AND DIVORCED TOGETHER.

SPONSORED BY U.S. DEPT. OF LABOR: ÷  
1. QUICK, GET SOME HOT WATER!  
2. AREN'T UNIONS CORRUPT? ☐ YES ☐ YES  
3. WAS IT FUN TO BE ON WELFARE? ☐ NO ☐ NO  
4. DO YOU MUG OLD LADIES FOR THEIR SOCIAL SECURITY CHECKS?  
☐ YES, IT'S FUN — ☐ NO, JUST BLIND MEN.  
S P A C E D  
WHO DID YOU SLEEP WITH? (check (v) as many as justified):  
☐ MANAGER (NOTE: IF YOU v'ed THIS AND YOU'RE A GUY, WE'RE GOING TO HIRE SOME CALLGIRLS AFTER YOU)  
☐ MANAGER'S WIFE (WHO DOESN'T? \_\_\_\_\_)  
☐ MANAGER'S DOBERMAN PINSCHER (YOU'VE GOT THE JOB!)

WORK EXPERIENCE IN PAST JOBS UNDERGONE:  
STARTED FIRED BUSINESS' NAME NATURE OF BUSINESS BUSINESS OF NATURE MANAGER'S NAME Okay, His Real Name EARNINGS, WAGES, TIPS, AND EMBEZZLEMENT/WEEK:  
MO/YR MO/YR (NAME OF BUSINESS)  
\$  
\$

POSITION AS HIRED; PRACTICED POSITION ÷  
☐ ASSISTANT MANAGER ☐ MAN-AT-TOP  
☐ COMMON LABORER ☐ WOMAN-AT-TOP  
☐ BABY SITTING ☐ SIDE-BY-SIDE ASSISTANT  
☐ WAITING ☐ SITTING BABE  
☐ FRONT ENTRANCE DOORMAN ☐ STANDING ASS'T.  
☐ BACKDOOR MAN AT REAR ENTRY  
PERSONAL REFERENCES (3) (NOTE: LIST NO FAMILY, FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS, NOR INTIMATES — WE SUGGEST THAT YOU BLINDLY PULL NAMES FROM PHONEBOOK):  
1. \_\_\_\_\_  
2. \_\_\_\_\_  
3. \_\_\_\_\_  
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THAT STEAK DONE, SIR?  
☐ WELL DONE  
☐ OVERDONE  
☐ UNDONE  
☐ JOHN DONNE  
☐ MEDIUM  
☐ RARE  
☐ EXTINCT  
OTHER EXPERIENCES:  
☐ NONE (VIRGIN) • ☐ ME & MYSELF  
☐ DAILY/NIGHTLY • ☐ WEAKLY  
☐ REGULARLY "PUT OUT" FOR THE TRASH COLLECTORS  
☐ CELIBACY'S A DELICACY  
☐ INCEST IS BEST.  
WHO DOES ADOLF HITLER REMIND YOU OF? ☐ MOTHER  
TERESA • ☐ SALVADOR DALI • ☐ GOLDA MEIR • ☐ GROUCHO MARX • ☐ JOHN LENNON • ☐ MOU SE-DUNG • ☐ CHARLIE CHAPLIN

DO YOU HAVE A WORKING PERMIT? ☐ YES • ☐ NO  
IF YES, WHEN DOES PERMIT WANT TO WORK? \_\_\_\_\_  
16 ÷ 18 1/2 ☐ A. 27 17/35  
17/2 ÷ 4 (5/8) ☐ B. \_\_\_\_\_  
19/5 • 0 ☐ C. UNDEFINED  
LET'S GET SERIOUS!!!  
ISN'T IT TOTALLY COSMIC, MAN? I MEAN REALLY, YOU KNOW, LIKE WOW?  
PLEASE DO NOT WRITE IN HERE, PLEASE. THIS IS FOR OUR USE ONLY.  
Hired ☐ SUCKER ☐ REFUSED ☐ TRASHED  
2 eggs  
2-b. heads  
milk  
butter  
1. lettuce  
2. peas  
SING NGIS  
TAKE YOUR TIME



etching by Richard Smith

The roof of the car floated on the wind. The breeze lifted, and the black canvas rectangle tilted and hung in the air. Hawk-like it arched, held course, and gracefully fell into the ocean.

Or rather the bay, as my uncle corrected me when I pointed toward the ripple in the water where the top of the car had just disappeared. Although Uncle Willie had just bought his shining Model T the year before, in 1923, for all the money that he had in the world, four hundred and sixty-three dollars and forty-seven cents, he did not even turn his head to look. It was as if he were beyond being amazed. Actually, it seemed that he expected the amazing, the unexpected, the comet across the sky, or in this case, the sudden gust of wind.

We were on the Cross Bay Boulevard on our way to Rockaway Beach. I sat alongside Uncle Willie. Blankets and sandwiches covered the back seat. When he drove he held his neck very stiff, his sharp blue eyes darting along the horizon as if he saw some brilliant image there which no one else could quite see. I liked to watch him as we rode along. It was my game to guess which hairs would move in his bristled ash-brown crew cut as the wind circulated through the car. His long straight nose would rise to smell the various neighborhoods which we passed through, Irish, Italian, German. He could tell, he said.

## Crossings

by Michael Pearson

And people believed him. Mostly they believed his eyes, large round blue discs. Sometimes they seemed on fire, the black centers holding steady amidst the blaze. It was his moustache, though, that held everyone's attention. It was brown with flecks of gray in it, growing out in a majestic thickness and sloping into a perfect curl at each end. He did not use wax to maintain the handlebars. Instead, he twirled and twisted the ends whenever he gazed into the distance, acted as a listener in a conversation, or thought about his wife Eva.

That day the summer sun carved illusions out of the air. Lines of heat shimmered in front of us. Pools of water danced just out of our reach. Static was building when suddenly the car shook, the brass which rimmed the windshield bent slightly, the buttons popped, the metal hinges in the back ripped, and the convertible top sailed into the sky.

We drove on without stopping. The surge of wind took me by surprise, and as a ten year old boy who lived in the secure circle of the familiar, I was shocked by his equanimity. For me life was an accumulation of routines, brushing teeth, bringing in kindling, or fighting my older brother for the use of the family's one baseball glove. For Uncle Willie life was an accretion of the unpredictable. He expected to see the water spout of a whale when he stood on the promontory of Montauk or to hear the loon as he pad-

dled a canoe in the early morning on Lake Sebago. He expected life to surprise him.

Some men see all things in life as possible. Uncle Willie went beyond this and saw all things as probable, especially the improbable. Even in the war, with death all around him, he was not prepared to die. Its very ubiquity made it a commonplace terror. He waited for something else, something unusual. Late in 1918, a corporal in the Rainbow Division, he sat in a frontline trench in Bruay. He moved his gas mask to his right side. Any moment the night sky would light up with crossing threads of light in preparation for an attack. The call would come to go over the top.

However, another sound creased the blackness of night. It was not the sergeant's chilling, perfunctory order. It was a young woman's voice, humming a tune which he could not quite place. Although it was against every command, he left the trench and walked into the no-man's land between armies. One quarter of a mile to the left was a cluster of trees. As he approached it, he saw a girl of eighteen or so resting against a fallen limb. Her eyes were closed, but she was wide awake. When he got closer, he realized that what at first appeared to be a skinny waif was a young woman of incredible beauty.

Eva was her name. Somehow she had drifted during the bombings from her

home in Bourlon. She had not eaten in two days. He took her behind the lines, fed her, talked to her, fell in love with her. A few months later, when the war ended, they returned to the United States and were married in a small Catholic church on Shattuck Avenue in Oakland, California.

It took them sixteen months to journey back East, crossing becoming more important than reaching a destination. In little more than the semi-conscious state that she had been in when he found her in Bruay, Eva drifted along with Willie, who had no sense of destination. For Willie their journey was a pilgrimage to no particular shrine. His love for her, it seemed, anchored him to the world. Eventually they settled in a small town in New York State. Their house looked out on Lake Champlain, at the Green Mountains of Vermont in the distance. During the next few years Eva's girlish angularity turned to voluptuousness. Her eyes lost their gentle, faraway look. She became tired of the country, the lake ... of Willie. She wanted more out of life, she told him. She wanted things to be more definite, more tangible.

"Living in the country is like living lost in the fog—I'm not sure where I am most of the time." Putting down her nail-polish, she said, "Let's go to the city. They'll be things to do—museums, theatre, clubs. There will be more money. A new life."

At first they went only once a month, coming always to our house for Sunday dinner. Sometimes Eva stayed in Manhattan to dine with friends. My brothers and I enjoyed having Uncle Willie all to ourselves. He would tell fantastic tales of things unimaginable.

As the year progressed Eva came less often. And then finally not at all. There were more "friends," it seemed, in Manhattan. By this time Willie and Eva had

moved closer to the city, and Willie would often stay with us for the entire weekend while Eva visited downtown. My uncle's tales became wilder, his eyes burning steadily, and we looked into them, mesmerized by the fire.

That summer he came to take me out to Rockaway. It was a beautiful, clear day, and I longed to swim in the ocean, to smell the salt air, and feel the stinging cold water against my face. Willie and Eva had rented a small house near the boardwalk. She had spent two weeks out there by herself, and he was to pick her up to bring her home.

"Owen," he turned to me and asked, "have I ever told you the story about the dragon's flight?"

He had spoken of many creatures, real and imagined, but never of dragons, and I looked toward him, eager to hear. As we drove along, it seemed to me that he wove his tale out of a warp of air, a magic that encircled the car.

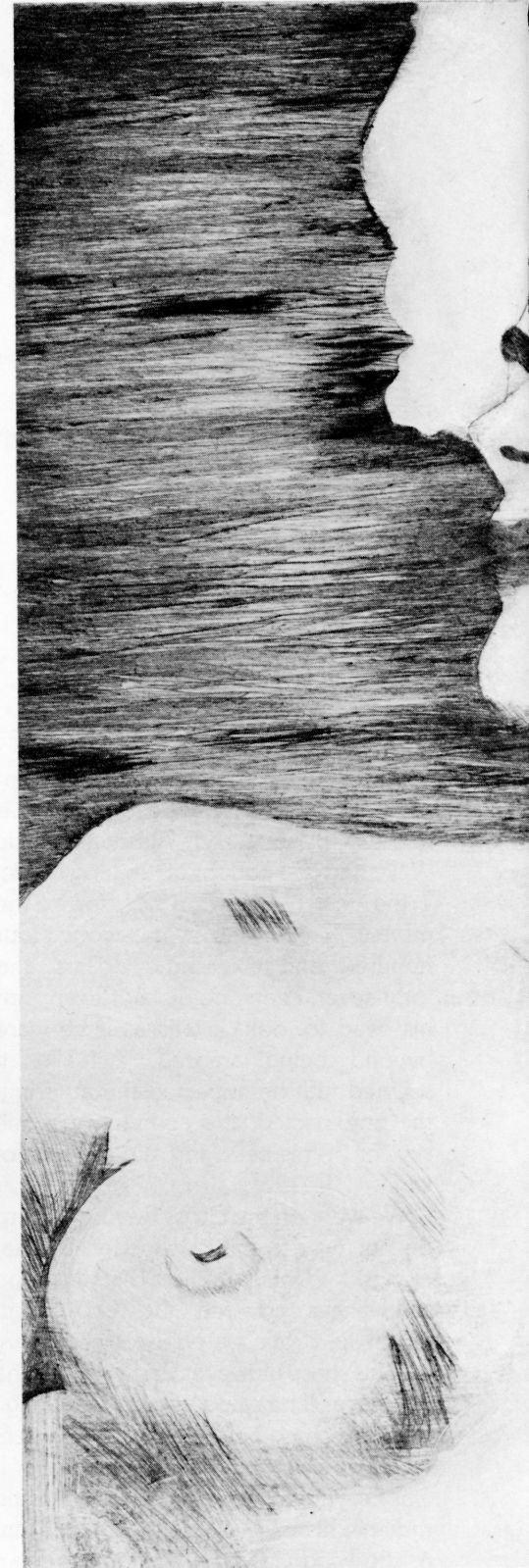
"Dragons," he said, "are considered to be mythical beasts. Storybook monsters. Figments of dark imaginations. We know better, though, eh?"

The car picked up speed. We seemed to race down some shaft of light and wind as he continued his tale.

"Years ago in a land not so very far from here was a mountain half-hidden in clouds. Near the top of the mountain was a winding bridge of rocks which led to a narrowing tunnel. A strange golden light came from the innermost part, the dragon's lair, the place where the monster kept its gold and jewels.

For most of the year the dragon sat on its treasure. It appeared to be asleep, but it was a sharp-sighted creature, its dark magical eyes changing from yellow to green slits, a shifting light. It was a gliding black lizard, thirty feet high and one hundred and fifty feet long.

Toward the spring of each year the dragon would fly from its cave at night. The villagers would scream 'firedrake' when they saw its silhouette against the full moon. They ran from the black winged serpent, its slimy tapering tongue, its razor sharp teeth. Most of all they feared its fire.



By the middle of June each year, the villagers knew that it was time to offer a new sacrifice to the terrible god who lived on the mountaintop. They offered pig, calf, and lamb. But none would satisfy. Finally they acknowl-



etching by Kimberly Seale

edged that a greater sacrifice was called for."

At this point in Uncle Willie's story, the wind lifted the top of the car. Although he did not turn in surprise, he did pause.

He seemed to be savoring the moment. By the time I had gotten over the shock and was ready to hear the rest of his story, we had arrived in front of the small yellow cottage in Rockaway. He hesitated, not as if he were savoring the moment but as if he were holding something off.

He walked slowly up to the picket fence, and I followed him through the swinging gate. I stayed on the porch when he opened the screen door and went inside. I watched him go up to the hall table and open a carefully folded sheet of sky blue writing paper. The muscles in the back of his neck appeared to join and knot together as he read the note. Refolding the paper, he turned to me.

"We won't be picking Aunt Eva up today," he said. "Why don't we just go to the beach by ourselves."

He seemed to have it all rehearsed. I wonder now if he had practiced walking up to the hall table, gone over how he would fold the note, what he would say to me, to whoever was waiting by the screen door.

When we arrived at the beach, it was past the sun's peak. Uncle Willie braced himself as he touched the water, although at that point in the summer the ocean was not very cold. I was relieved to enter the sliding waves, to disengage myself from my uncle's silence.

Hours later we went back to the car. I noticed that the salt water had not completely dried upon his cheeks. For awhile we rode along without any sound but the hum of the tires and the whoosh of air. Then Uncle Willie turned to me, as if to make sure that I was still beside him.

"I better finish that story before I forget, eh. Well, where were we? I remember. The dragon demanding a sacrifice. That is, the dragon didn't actually speak, but he communicated, he made the villagers understand that it was time to offer a beautiful young princess."

"The girl they chose went calmly. She accepted her fate nobly. She didn't scream or cry when the townspeople tied her to the crooked linden tree at the base of the mountain. They had covered her with flowers and jewels. Silver and gold were strewn at her feet.

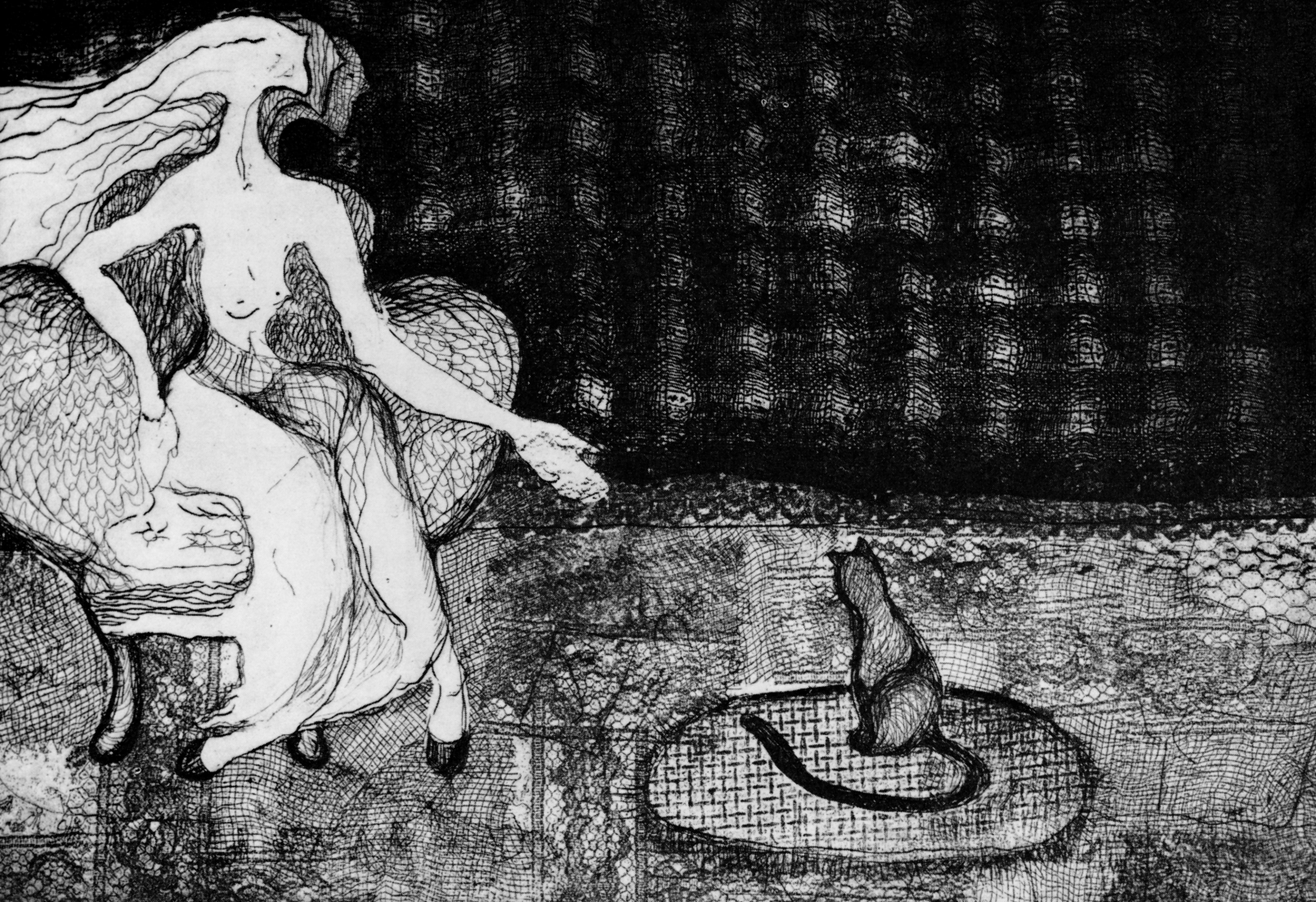
When the dragon came down from the mountain, the girl watched it, even looked into its dark hypnotic eyes. In the wordless language of dragons it asked a question, one that the girl understood and was willing to answer honestly.

In a quiet voice the young girl spoke and the monster was transformed into a tall, dark-skinned man. The curse was lifted, the veil of magic disappeared.

They flew off into the night."

When I questioned the possibility of such an ending, Uncle Willie merely said that although the curse had been lifted, the young man was obviously still a dragon at heart, still able to fly. Willie's eyes sparkled green-blue and brightened with the lights of each oncoming car. The muscles in his neck relaxed, but he kept a keen eye on the distance, as if anything could happen, would happen, at any moment. He was calm but expectant. I looked at him and felt a mixture of sadness and joy. For a moment I saw him and his stories joined, his unyielding optimism and the world's pessimism, blended together until they were indistinguishable.

Shifting in his seat, Uncle Willie reached into his pocket. He held the piece of blue paper for a moment, then released it into the dark night air. He did not turn to look, as if he knew that the paper lifted on the breeze, hovered over the Cross Bay Boulevard, and fell into the ocean, into the black rectangle of water. C



PRODUCTION STAFF

*Betty Bunt*  
**Dirk Hays**  
*Recky Coursons*

17

18

about the "strangled" (in  
the never actually ap-  
pears); rather, it deals with separate inci-  
dents in which townspeople, living lives  
that make them feel "strangled" feel a  
great deal of sympathy with the victims,

## Swim in a S

Painted Squirrels

get some  
new photos  
for this  
human nights in mid summer

close

### FEATURES

enlarge to  
109 9/10 %  
110 %

reduce to 67 %

20 lines per inch

the other, like the pink Flamingos that  
us for coming  
ground, Rountree's Grocer didn't open

Can we print this?

"Dance, you bastard, Dance." He had